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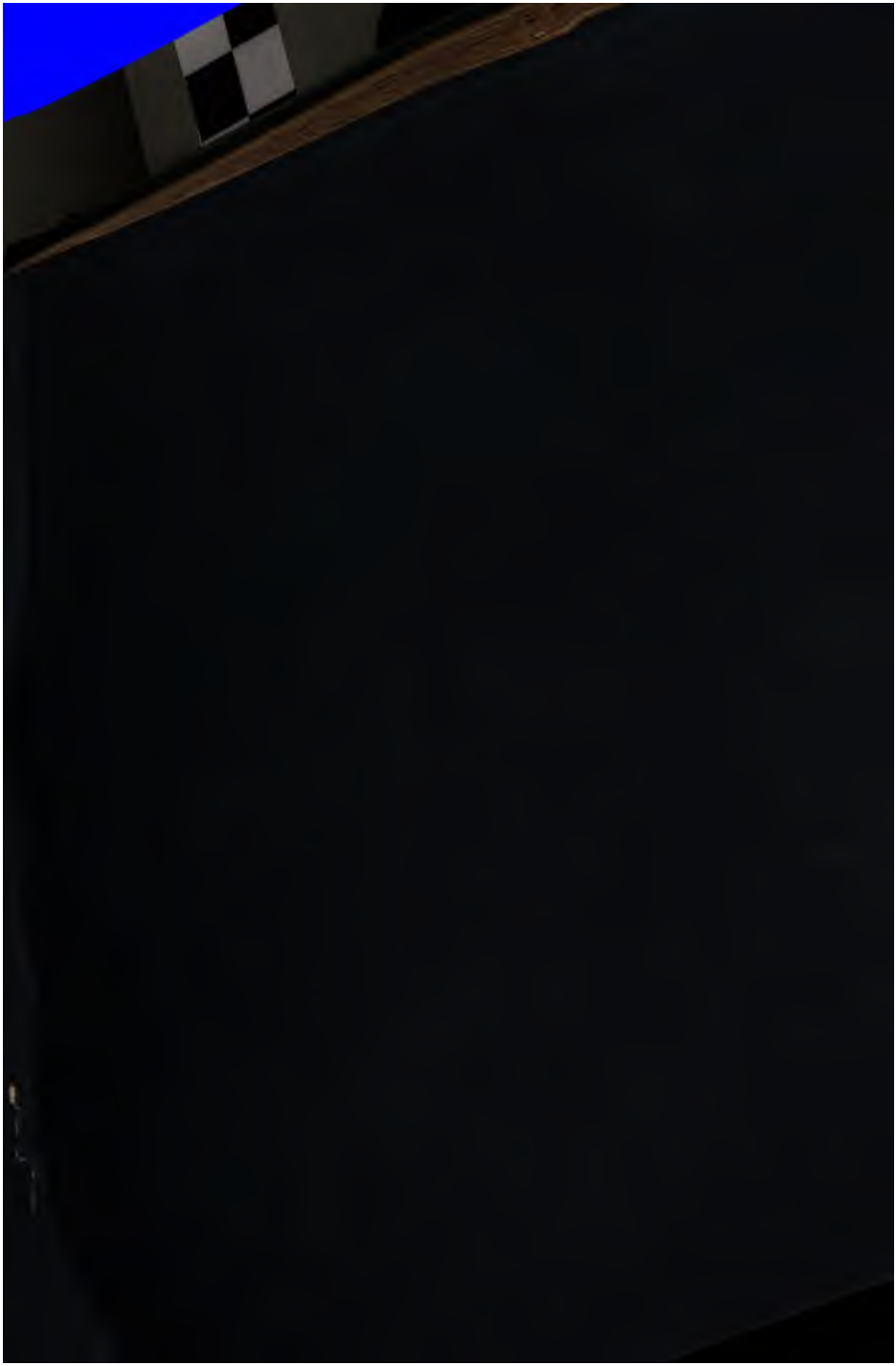

# REMINISCENCES

OF

# ATHENS AND THE MOREA.

ATTICA
and the
MOREA
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English Miles.

# REMINISCENCES

OF

# ATHENS AND THE MOREA

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL OF TRAVELS
IN GREECE IN 1839.

BY THE LATE

EARL OF CARNARVON,

AUTHOR OF "PORTUGAL AND GALLICIA."

EDITED BY HIS SON, THE PRESENT EARL.

With a Map.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1869.

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# PREFACE.

In looking over some family papers, I lately had occasion to refer to some journals kept by my father during a journey in Greece and Turkey in 1839; and apart from all personal considerations I was attracted to them by the unusual political interest of the period. In Greece, as every one knows, the War of Independence had long since come to an end, the Regency had closed its troubled and inglorious career, and the Greek kingdom had been fairly launched amidst the aspirations of political enthusiasts and with the more substantial support of foreign loans. In Turkey, still reeling from the effects of the long struggle and the irreparable losses of Navarino, crushed in power abroad and revolutionised by new ideas

at home, the long-expected crisis of the Eastern Question seemed to be at hand. On the one side the almost unchecked ascendancy of Russia, on the other the unlimited pretensions of Egypt, threatened the very existence of the Empire; Mehemet Ali was accumulating his naval and military resources for a final blow, and Mahmoud, the last of the old Sultans, the destroyer of the Janissaries, was sinking into his grave; the support of France was uncertain, and the ability of England to interpose with effect was—but for the vigour and courage of Lord Palmerston—almost equally doubtful.

It was therefore a time of unusual interest to an English traveller, for at any moment the peace of Europe no less than of the East might be compromised, and Greece, Turkey, or Egypt become the theatre upon which the first act of the tragedy might display itself.

The storm passed over; and the great question on which so many imperial fortunes are at stake, and which Europe

then thought, as she has more than once thought since, to be imminent, still remains unsolved. A great war has not disposed of it, and even the anxieties of the present day may leave it adjourned to another time and mode of decision; but as many of the speculations and controversies and doubts which then engrossed the public mind, and which I have found reflected in the pages of these Journals, have been settled by the mere lapse of time, and as much of the ground—at least in Turkey—that the writer then traversed, has since become familiar to English travellers, so also much of the interest which in 1839 might have attached to the record of such a journey, is by the necessity of the case destroyed in 1869.

My original intention of printing these MSS. only for private circulation amongst those friends who might feel an interest in the personal incidents of this journey, was gradually put aside as I proceeded with my task; but even thus I more than once doubted whether I had not allowed the

time to go too far past, and whether I might not even do an injustice to their writer by giving publicity to them after so long an interval. But in spite of their fragmentary character, it seemed to me that there were certain portions of these Journals, especially those relating to the Morea, which possessed a general interest, and might even yet be reproduced with advantage. Few travellers have visited that part of Greece since, as very few indeed had visited it before, 1839;* and of these almost all, as far as I am aware, have observed the country and the people from a somewhat different point of view from that taken in these pages. Nor can it be said that the lives and labours of an entire generation have much diminished the

* Col. Leake, whose writings are almost exhaustive, and Sir W. Gell, previous to 1839 are the chief authorities; since then Col. Mure's Tour, Mr. Murray's Handbook for Greece, and within the last few years Mr. Clark's and Sir Thos. Wyse's Travels in the Peloponnesus, have made very valuable additions to the sum of our information as to the Morea. Lastly, Mr. Finlay has added to his great services as a historian the advantage of many most valuable observations on the country and the people which are scattered through his various works.

difficulties of travelling, even if property is more secure and agriculture is improved. In the next place, even in the Morea, change is busy if it is not very marked, and although the political organization of the Maina in particular is less complete than that of other parts of Greece, the semi-feudal system with its lawless accessories, which even in 1839 was expiring, has since then come to an end. There has been a gradual subsidence of its more marked characteristics into the ordinary habits of the surrounding country; and the Maina has now been brought into such relations with the rest of Greece, that she has furnished one of the many recent Prime Ministers* who have held office since the accession of the present dynasty. But those characteristics presented in 1839 a curious page of national feeling and social life—very picturesque, hardly as well known as they deserve to be, and now vanished beyond recall. For all these reasons I have thought it worth

* M. Coumoundouros.

while to preserve some record of them, however slight.

The task, simple as it may seem, of extracting, condensing, collating, and of connecting the occasionally disjointed details by comments or explanations of my own, has not been altogether without difficulty; but the faults, whatever they are, which may be noticed in the following pages, must be placed solely to my account. Had the writer of these Journals lived and thought fit to publish them, they would have seen the light as a far more highly finished composition than the fragmentary and rough-hewn materials at my command —setting aside all question of personal ability—render possible, consistently with accuracy. I will only add that if sometimes I may be thought to have allowed too much space to the mere description of scenery and the general features of the country, it has been in the belief that the day may come when the byeways of Greece may once more be travelled in safety, and when, if only for the purposes of comparison, it

may not be uninteresting to know what in 1839—more than a generation since—was the state of the roads, the number of the villages, the general character of the woods, the corn, and even the natural vegetation of the country.

In almost any other country it would be superfluous and trivial to dwell upon such details; but in Greece, where almost every stream and mountain and barren rock are consecrated by recollections which, so long as history and literature remain, can neither pass away nor lose their charm, a writer is, perhaps, justified for once in departing from the ordinary and prudent rule of saying too little rather than too much.

Scattered over these Journals there are many allusions to persons who filled a place in English society, and whose names and high qualities have not even yet faded from recollection. Lady Burlington, whose charm of manner not thirty years have effaced—the late Duke of Devonshire—Lord Rokeby, eminent for his social talents, his knowledge of the world, and the fund of

brilliant anecdote that gave such zest to his conversation—Robert Hay, who was resident in Malta, and whom twenty years afterwards I again knew there, though then in the latest decline of life—H. Frere, Canning's early friend, with his garden retreat and his Aristophanic studies in the same island—Sir B. Walker, in command of the Turkish fleet—Col. Gordon and Sir R. Church, whose name and chivalrous character are inseparably connected with the Greek War of Independence—above all, Sir E. Lyons, who had for the time laid aside his naval career, which he afterwards resumed and illustrated with all the gallantry and sagacity of an English officer, to discharge the more peaceful duties of our Minister at Athens;—these and many others of similar mark in their various walks of life, are subjects of more or less frequent mention. Agreeable as it would be to recall their names, and the interchange of kind offices or some of the little incidents of travel in which they seem to have mingled, I have confined myself to that

which seemed to illustrate a peculiar state of feeling and society in an almost untravelled corner of Europe, and which can alone have for general readers a value or interest after so long an interval of time.

Lastly, of the writer of these Journals it may, perhaps, not be unbecoming in me to say a few words. Enthusiastic in temper, cultivated in mind, a good linguist, and with a singular facility of expression, whether by word of mouth or on paper, he had but one drawback—indifferent health. Sedentary labour, though personally congenial, was really fatal to him: but in the fresh air and the free exercise of foreign travel his earlier strength came back, and was only equalled by his delight in the adventure and incidents of such a life, commenced in Barbary, continued in Spain, and once more resumed in Greece, at a time when its difficulties and risks were very different from what they now would be. Hence, as was natural, his sympathies inclined to the picturesque side of things, whether in scenery or men, rather than to the tech-

nical details of classical archæology on which so many travellers in Greece have concentrated their attention. Not that he was in any way insensible to the charm of classical associations; but that foreign travel for its own sake was in him almost a passion, by the side of which neither fatigue nor privations nor even health counted as anything. He was, indeed, one of the very few English travellers who have in recent times made their way to Cape Matapan; but the attraction of the mediæval stronghold of a Mainote chieftain, with all its picturesque accessories, was, I think, stronger than any antiquarian enthusiasm for the much controverted ruins of the Temple of Neptune, and the fascination of that wild country lay for him in that which would have repelled many—the difficulties of the journey, the stern character of the scenery, and the equally rugged nature of its people, with their love of lawless feuds, and their fanciful superstitions.

In conclusion, I may add that I am satisfied of the substantial accuracy of the

facts or conversations recorded in these Journals. It is sometimes difficult to collect with complete certainty the meaning of a writer when many parts of the narrative are fragmentary or unfinished; but wherever I have been in doubt I have omitted the entire passage, as I have also with some few exceptions struck out the description of places or events which can be read in the pages of other English travellers. I have, however, thought it worth while to preserve the chance allusions to social habits, such as the subordinate position occupied by women—a position, by the way,* rather curiously analogous in many of its details to that enjoyed by the fair sex in Southern Italy, the Magna Græcia of earlier times—and I have considered any expression of national feeling on political matters, even if temporary in its cause or duration, worth noting. The drift of popular opinion immediately after a great national convulsion, such as

* Noticed by Col. Mure in his Tour in Greece, vol. ii. pp. 288—9.

the War of Independence, is always interesting, and it will be seen from some of the conversations recorded in these Journals how vivid in 1839 were the recollections and animosities and complaints of the recent struggle. On the other hand, it is not less curious, as I have elsewhere observed, to see how many of the illusions which gilded the earlier stages of that war, had already given place to disappointed hopes and mortified ambition, and how even the old days of Turkish ascendancy, when viewed in the light of existing grievances, had become invested with the softening hues of a regretted past. But even in the midst of discontent and disappointment, it is, I think, plain that—whatever the words or acts of the professional politicians of the Capital—in the more honest or less sophisticated public mind of the people there existed a strong sense of the obligations under which Greece lay to England. And it was probably the evidence of this sentiment that engendered in the mind of many English travellers at

that time a corresponding belief in and an appreciation of the Greek people. The devoted heroism of the defenders of Missolonghi, the horrors of the Scian massacre by the barbarous troops of the Porte, the flush of romance which Lord Byron's poetry and chivalrous adventure threw over the incidents of the war, the thrilling interest which was felt all over Christendom in the re-awakening of a long oppressed people, and in the visible decline of that great Empire whose unbelief and prowess had been for generations the terror of Europe, had not yet become things of a distant and an uninspiring past. Still fresh in men's minds, they coloured the general estimate of Greek character, and, amidst some indications of a less hopeful kind, they suggested a kindlier, and perhaps even a truer view than that which it is now the fashion to take.

Not indeed that Greece has any right to complain if Europe expresses her dissatisfaction and impatience at the broken promises, the wasted opportunities, the im-

practicable temper of a people who have been truly said to starve in the present in order to live in the past and future. What more has ever been done for any people than has been done for that of Greece? From first to last—from Navarino to the cession of the Ionian Islands, from the guarantee alike of her independence and her public debt, to the Conference which has but just imposed its mild and innocuous terms—Greece has seen her shortcomings overlooked, her offences against international law condoned, and in the conviction that however she may err she will experience no forcible or painful interference from the greater Powers of Europe, she has perhaps done, as she has certainly derived, an amount of mischief which it is not very easy to estimate. Nor is it difficult to see that a time may come when, if ever the spirit of political intrigue and jealousy amongst the great Powers is for a moment lulled to rest, Europe may feel a reasonable impatience that a little country at ceaseless

discord and anarchy in itself, should be a constant source of danger to the peace of its neighbours, and may, perhaps, in her impatience, administer a lesson which many would regret, but which none could think undeserved. There have doubtless been difficulties and drawbacks to which Greece has been subject—the contracted character of her territorial settlement, the misgovernment of the Regency, the many mistakes of the Bavarian rule—but can any one—political student or traveller—honestly deny that there are few sights more melancholy than that which the present condition of the Greek kingdom presents, and for which it is directly responsible? An absence of roads, of inns, of all the necessary conveniences of travel; in the mountains unlimited brigandage, in the towns prisons which are destitute of classification and accommodation; industrious traders and successful merchants flying from their own country for some retreat — it may be by a strange irony of fortune even that of Turkey—where they may enjoy the fruits

of that industry and success; excellent civil and criminal codes which exist only on paper, and laws which in practice seem made that they may be broken either by intimidation or corruption; municipal liberties which exist merely in name; a constitutional charter which has been systematically infringed by the illegal usurpations of the Government; public morality that is only to be found in the mouths of self-seeking journalists and politicians; a legion of professional lawyers, and a still more vast legion of salaried officials, absorbing the income of the State and rendering her no real service;—in one word a system of finance, of taxation, of commerce, of administration, of which it is hard to say which is the worst. A stranger, indeed, who desired to know of what Greek administration under the most favourable conditions is capable, would probably turn to the Ionian Islands. He would remember in 1863 the material prosperity of the country, the admirable roads, the security of life and property, the impartial adminis-

tration of justice, the steady increase of capital, under the influence of a British protectorate; he would see in 1866 that prosperity gone, the roads already broken up, brigandage established, the law powerless to protect the rights of property, the rural classes and the owners of land at hopeless variance, extraordinary schemes for extinguishing private debts by public taxation * put forward, capital rapidly flitting, and even the line of steamers which formerly touched at Corfu now withdrawn from want of freights.†

In public education indeed, in its recognition by the Government, and its appreciation by the people, a general observer might think that he could discern higher national qualities and greater agencies for good. And not without reason. In the darkest periods of national existence, ‡

* Despatches from H. M.'s Consuls in Corfu, Zante, and Cephalonia on the state of those islands since the withdrawal of British protection, 1867, p. 41.

† Consular Report on Greece for the year 1866, printed for Parliament.

‡ Finlay, Greece under Ottoman and Venetian Domination, p. 350.

Greece felt and cherished the influences of literature, and had she devoted the same care to the development of her political morality as she has given to the regeneration of her language, she might now hold a very different position in the family of European nations. It is probable that the day may come when this general love of education may bear fruit; but for the moment its immediate effect is apparently to swell the army of discontented and ambitious paupers, who flock to Athens to scramble for State employment, and to starve on their miserable salaries.

Their faults indeed are so many, and of so irritating a kind, especially as now by their obstinacy and self-conceit they have almost embroiled Europe in war, that we are perhaps tempted in our estimate of their character to do them less than justice. As a Greek said with some truth to Mr. Senior, "between our faults and your exaggeration of them, we are despised for what we are, and hated and feared for

what we hope to be."* And yet, amidst this dreary wilderness of misgovernment and failure on the part of rulers and people, there is a glimmer, however faint, of future improvement. Population, villages, and general cultivation, are, in the Morea at least, on the increase. Mr. Clark,† writing in 1858, speaks of the material advance of Southern Greece in no uncertain terms. "The security for life and property," he says, "is perfect. * * * The Morea of to-day is a very Eden compared with the Morea of forty years ago." Sir Thomas Wyse also bears witness to the unquestionable progress in agriculture ‡ made in Messenia; and if the present state of the country is hardly consistent with these statements, the decline is probably due to recent and passing causes. Nor is Greek commerce without its reforms, meagre and irregular as they may be. Sir Thomas Wyse, for instance, in his Tour of the

* Journal in Greece, p. 335.
† Peloponnesus, pp. 145, 146.
‡ Excursion in the Peloponnesus, i. 236, 237.

Peloponnesus, gives a curious illustration of the unwise, vacillating, and even dishonest policy pursued by successive Governments in the currant trade; and yet even here, in spite of vexatious changes, in spite of almost every vicious principle in commerce or finance, of chicanery as against foreign merchants, and of unfairness as against native traders, gradually the most senseless restrictions have been removed, and an appreciable improvement has been effected.* So again, whilst successive travellers dwell upon the melancholy waste of the national domain, and the losses to which the State is exposed—sometimes by acts of private spoliation, sometimes by shameless legislation—building, which is an evidence of public energy and prosperity, is on the increase, and Greece may point to no inconsiderable number of towns founded or rebuilt since the War of Independence.

Nor, whatever may be the faults of the modern Greek at home, can any one deny to him the existence of some high qualities

* Excursion in the Peloponnesus, ii. 263.

in his relations with foreigners. In peace he has generally been proof against all inducements to a change of religion; and during the long War of Independence, it has been truly observed that there was not one instance of desertion in a body.* When once he passes beyond the limits of his own country, he exhibits many qualities the exact opposite of those which there make him despised and hated. During the latter years of the British Protectorate, the natives of Cephalonia alone, scattered over the Levant and amassing considerable fortunes by industry and rigid economy, are said to have annually remitted to their families at home for investment a sum of more than 400,000 dollars;† and in other countries generally it may be said that a keen sense of the principles of trade has been combined with a spirit of enterprise, and often with a marked appreciation of commercial honesty, which have

* Col. Mure's Tour in Greece, i. 151.

† Consular Report on Greece for the year 1864, printed for Parliament.

made the Greek merchant deservedly prosperous. But above all they have been remarkable for their unity and cohesion. As with the Jew, so their voluntary exile from the land of their affections, their singular combination of a historical life in the past with an equally vivid commercial life in the present, their mixture of territorial ambition with religious fervour for a particular spot—for the dome of Saint Sophia crowns the vista of Greek aspirations not less clearly than the restored Temple of Jerusalem consecrates the hopes of the Jew,—even if they are said by many to be visionary, are certainly not sordid or lowering in their tendencies.

Whether constitutional government, for which, when they received it, they were wholly unprepared, and which is frequently said to be on its trial in Greece, makes any advance amidst the rapid succession of incapable governments and unscrupulous ministers * is a question not easy to be

* It may not be without interest, in reference to recent events, to observe the extraordinary number of ministerial changes, crises, reconstructions, and metamorphoses, which have

decided. At times a third party, in whom, probably, whatever good sense and true

occurred only since the accession of the present sovereign in 1863. They have been so many and complicated that I must claim indulgence if the following list is not in all its details correct, but I believe it to be a substantially faithful representation of facts.

King George arrived in October, 1863, and found the Ministry of M. Roufos, which gave way,

*November*, 1863, to the Boulgaris Administration.

*December*, 1863, a ministerial crisis occurred, and

*March*, 1864, a reconstruction of the Government took place.

*March* 16, 1864.—M. Boulgaris resigned, and Admiral Canaris took office.

*April* 25, 1864.—Admiral Canaris resigned, and M. Balbi came in.

*July* 6, 1864.—Mr. Balbi retired from the Government, and was succeeded by his Minister for Foreign Affairs.

*July* 22, 1864.—The Government was defeated and resigned, and on August 7 a Canaris Ministry came in.

*March* 6, 1865.—The Canaris Ministry went out, and M. Coumoundouros succeeded.

*October* 6, 1865.—A ministerial crisis, and a modification of the Ministry took place, and,

*October* 26, they resigned, and the Deligeorgi Government succeeded, only to make way on

*November* 10 to M. Boulgaris; who himself,

*November* 18, resigned his office to M. Coumoundouros, who, again, on

*November* 22 was succeeded by M. Deligeorgi, who was succeeded on

*December* 7 by M. Roufos.

*February* 3, 1866.—The Roufos Ministry was reconstructed.

*June.*—A ministerial crisis occurred, the resignation was tendered, withdrawn, and finally accepted; and M. Boulgaris returned to office.

patriotism there may be, are to be found, has seemed to emerge above the baser contentions of party warfare; but as yet their voice has been too feeble and uncertain to be heard far beyond the limits of their own narrow circle; and for the moment it is probable that the best chance of Greek regeneration lies in the personal control of an able sovereign, and the action of a strong executive. But if public opinion is not disinclined to the former, all recent legislation has, I am afraid, been opposed to the latter remedy. The constitution, both on paper and in practice, has grown more democratic and less manageable; and the path to ultimate prosperity seems in all probability to lie rather through the chastening discipline of public reverses than along the ordinary and even course which a country, supported by the sym-

*December* 30.—M. Coumoundouros again succeeded, held office for one year, and resigned on

*December* 31, 1867, to be followed by M. Moraitini.

*February* 18, 1868.—M. Boulgaris resumed the Government, and after holding it for a year has recently,

*February*, 1869, been succeeded by M. Zaimis.

pathies and material assistance of Europe, ought naturally to follow. However this may be, modern thought in England, and the whole course of our higher education, are too closely interwoven with every association, great or small, of Greece to allow us ever to be indifferent to her fate. Our debt of gratitude to her in all that concerns the advance and culture of the human mind is so measureless, that we shall always follow her fortunes with an interest and sympathy which may sometimes seem to be hardly justified by the conduct of her people.

It is in this spirit, though not without some hesitation, that I now venture to offer to public notice these recollections of a Journey through the Morea at an interesting, and even a critical, period of the modern life of Greece, and so to place upon record some illustrations of a state of feeling and society which can never recur.

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# REMINISCENCES OF THE MOREA.

## CHAPTER I.

### ATHENS.

THOUGH the following journal in the main has reference to the Morea, I have selected from the earlier parts of it some few passages descriptive of the aspect which Athens presented in 1839; for often as the picture of Athens and Athenian life has been drawn by modern travellers, there seemed to be in these extracts a certain freshness of description which, even after the lapse of many years, might not be without interest. Of the town, which now contains more than 40,000 inhabitants, there was then hardly a house

which had an existence of more than three years; nor was there any special beauty in it as seen from the Acropolis. On the contrary, emancipation from Turkish rule had wrought no pleasing effect on its external appearance. The flat roofs, the stately minarets, the cypresses, and tufted palms—all that invested it with the character and circumstance of the East had gone with its ancient lords; and houses in the modern German style, and absolutely without effect, had replaced the Asiatic and picturesque irregularities of the old town. It is not one of the least curious features of a journal such as this, by one whose sympathies went strongly with the Greek cause, and who wrote it only a few years after the close of the War of Independence, to observe the regrets already current at the disappearance of some of the civilizing influences which were connected with the old Turkish ascendency. Whilst traveller after traveller in Asia Minor laments over the ancient Greek works of magnificence and

public usefulness abandoned to ruin by the present masters of the soil, we have in Greece too often the picture of Turkish civilization destroyed by Christian neglect. The wayside khans, the fountains under the shade of plane trees, the water-courses for irrigation, the baths, the gardens of cypress and orange, which at the beginning of the century made a paradise of some favoured parts of the Morea, for the most part lie in ruins. Neither people nor Government make an effort to replace or renew them; and the waste seems yearly to spread further. At Athens, indeed, of late years, pains have been taken, and not unsuccessfully, to preserve the wonderful remains which time has spared; but these efforts are almost confined to the capital, and it is to be feared that in the interior of the country even the natural course of decay is occasionally quickened by man. The popular belief that these fragments of antiquity can be turned to pecuniary account may perhaps offer some chance of their preservation; and their exportation

indeed is forbidden by law; but law in Greece is not strong, and Sir Thomas Wyse, in his journey through the Morea, mentions two classical statues discovered at Vostizza, but kept out of sight of the Government in the expectation of a purchaser turning up in the shape of some rich and unscrupulous traveller.* In a description, however, of the Temple of Theseus at Athens and of the surrounding country, which seems to me worth extracting, the following complaint is levelled against Turkish rather than Greek insensibility.

"The barbarism of the last of the Turkish governors inflicted on this beautiful edifice injuries which it had not been destined to experience during ages of previous rapine and neglect. The work of devastation which the furious Vandal refrained from perpetrating was indulged in by that tasteless child of Islam, for the sake of obtaining a tub of wild bee's honey. With no more tempting object in view, he broke in the cornice, marring the beauty

* Excursion in the Peloponnesus, ii. 244.

and defacing the regularity of the Temple. Had these unlucky bees restrained their classical ardour, and postponed but for five years their intention of fixing on this temple as their residence, it would have been at present in perfect preservation. * * * The situation of the Temple of Theseus was to me peculiarly delightful. It is on the verge of the town, and seen from any of the neighbouring heights it appears incorporated with it; yet, as the stranger approaches, he perceives it to be free from those incumbrances which so often mar the effect of our finest buildings, and to stand apart on a wild and verdant slope, whilst shepherds leaning on their crooks and feeding their flocks, invest the scene with that character of rural beauty which well harmonises with the tranquil dignity and classical associations of the ancient shrine. And, as we afterwards discovered, this mixture of the city and the surrounding country forms one of the especial charms of Athens; which is perhaps the only capital in Europe where the character of seclusion

that pleases in the village is combined with the mental gratifications peculiar to a town. The creation of a regular diplomacy, the establishment of enterprising individuals in the country, the influx of foreigners intent on objects of modern speculation or full of interest in the history and antiquities of an earlier world, constitute a society which, independently of the Greeks, many of whom are men of considerable attainments, is on the whole active, clever, and by no means unintellectual. Yet, five minutes' walk from the threshold of his house carries the sojourner at Athens into craggy ground blooming with wild flowers and fragrant with thyme; into regions of such utter solitude, that, as I often wandered over those uncultivated but not uninteresting wastes, nothing reminded me of man save that most glorious of his works, the Parthenon, perched on its airy eminence, manifest for miles around in all its proud perfection, and speaking to the heart most strongly when thus beheld at a distance from the busy haunts of the world. Ex-

cepting the occasional sight of a shepherd standing on the lone hill-side, with his figure thrown into gigantic relief, as it rested against the sky or that of a distant sail, flitting along the shores of 'Hydra's rock and old Egina's isle,' I have seen the immediate neighbourhood of Athens as free from any trace of man as the deserts of Barbary.

* * * * * "I strolled on from the Temple of Theseus to the Court of Assizes, before which the peasants were lying in groups. Their attitudes and their dress was so picturesque, that my eye was riveted for the fiftieth time by the remarkable beauty of the Greek costume. Some were arrayed in the dark-coloured capote, some in long coats of goatskin, whilst others were shrouded in a kind of white woollen dress, with long twisted threads. As I stood in the court and saw these strangely attired beings bending in motley groups over the bar, their dark and deeply sun-burnt countenances heightening the effect of the costume and the red caps,

round which the handkerchief was folded in every kind of twisted shape, and with every imaginable variety of brilliant colouring catching the light which found its way into the court, I thought I had seldom seen more of the wild and irregularly beautiful in any human assemblage. Unquestionably the costume exhibited at these assizes is singularly rich and diversified, because upon these occasions the peasants crowd into Athens, bringing from the various districts some of the peculiarities of their attire as yet unshorn of its native beauty and simplicity by the servile and anti-national fashion of the day.

* * * * * "But the most characteristic display of national manners is that which I have just seen exhibited on the anniversary of the Greek Revolution. On this day many groups of peasants were collected under the columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympius, their favourite trysting-place; some lying along the ground and basking in the sun, as if they had caught the dreamy spirit of the eastern

world, others tracing in circles or half-circles the movements of their warlike dance. In the centre of this dance a man was moving, on whom, as on their leader, every eye was fixed. They imitated his paces, they kindled at his gestures, and they were calm again under the influence of his expressive eye. Sometimes they advanced rapidly and fiercely, sometimes they retreated with the semblance of slow determination, now gliding forwards stealthily as if to fall upon an unguarded enemy, now with starts and gestures of indignant pride, throwing down the handkerchief upon the ground or again resuming it; occasionally giving vent to bursts of simulated sorrow, but more frequently to transports of unbounded exultation, and chanting all the while a wild and irregular air. In that fantastic dance were comprised the habits and the history of a life; in it the passions engendered by their civil wars, and the varying character of their mountain hostilities lived again; it was fraught with interest as the outward expression of feelings that

had animated them to no common extent, and might perhaps be considered in some degree the reflex of the old feudal mind of Greece. Clad in their sheepskin capotes, and with the many-coloured handkerchief twisted round their heads, they kept up the illusion with the dance.

"We passed on to other groups, apparently in a merrier mood of mind and occupied by less energetic thoughts. They too were dancing hand in hand, and every now and then a smile stole over their countenances, or the spectators were convulsed with laughter produced by some diverting sally. In the centre of the last group that we observed, stood a man holding in his hand a large jug, from which he continually filled a cup and gave it in succession to each of his comrades, whilst all the time the dance and song went on. He who received the cup, though still dancing, let fall for the moment his companion's hand, and as he raised the cup to his lips made some observation which was intended to create merriment, and which had that

effect in a high degree when the allusion was quaint and fell in with the spirit of the moment. At the termination of these dances, and sometimes on first meeting, the men salute each other with a light embrace —a custom little congenial to our English notions. The entire absence of women from these dances is a peculiar feature; but the scene which we this morning witnessed was full of interest. In that wild and warlike chant, and in the irregular movements of the dance, there were the traces of long-forgotten times and customs; and a friend who has been long resident in the country assured me that he had seen on feast days the peasants descending the hill like Bacchanals, and keeping up under another faith the rites engendered in a remote age, and manifestly, though unconsciously, celebrating some form of ancient saturnalia.

"As we returned home much excitement pervaded the town. The Greeks were generally attired in their most graceful costume, and occasionally a lordly chief

passed by in some magnificent garb. A Greek, when clad in the national* dress, has an air of dignity which is striking even in the peasant, but which in the chief is very imposing; and yet the same man, when he has exchanged his native garb for the European dress, appears utterly insignificant. Is this metamorphosis produced solely by an abandonment of the ancient dress, picturesque and graceful as it was? I think not. I cannot but believe that, generally speaking, an internal degradation accompanies the external change. When a people surrender the dress which has been familiar to their childhood and connected with recollections of national glory, to assume a foreign garb which in the first instance is almost irksome to their habits, not because it is a necessary adjunct of advancing civilization, but simply because it is of foreign extraction, they show that they are to a certain extent wanting in that proud feeling of self-respect without which

* It is really the Albanian, though it is generally spoken of as the national dress.

a nation cannot be really great. The Sultan denounced the turban, and supposed that by an act which only offended the prejudices of his people, he was, together with other measures, taking a step to renovate his empire and place the Turk on a level with the European. Unlike the Spaniard, who resented a similar interference on the part of their foolish Cortes; unlike the Turk, who submitted to the act of their oppressive monarch in sullen silence, the Greek is lending himself to the tide of fashion rather than of legislation, which is rapidly effacing the bright peculiarities of national and provincial distinctions. And inferring as I do from many indications that the Greeks will become an improved, and, so far as their narrow range permits them, a prosperous people, I still am of opinion that the readiness to part with the old companion of their glory, to relinquish that which has long been a peculiar and distinctive badge, is so far an unfavourable symptom as arguing a want of depth and steadfastness in the national character.

"The tendency, indeed, to throw off a distinctive and picturesque dress originated in the anti-national policy pursued by that stupid Bavarian Regency, which, established in the early days of Greek independence, laboured to root out every indigenous plant, and to substitute the uncongenial growth of Germany—a policy, which worked out with fatal consistency by that narrow-minded Government, inflicted the gravest mischief upon Greece. At that time there were no precedents to guide; all was comparatively new, the channels in which public opinion was to run had yet to be formed, and by restraining that opinion where it was manifestly inconsistent with principles of settled government, yet by allowing it in all other respects to take its natural course, the administration might have given the current a safe and beneficial direction, and have accelerated instead of retarding the development of national resources. But this was not a policy which could be pursued or even comprehended by men whose feeble range of sight was

bounded by the limited horizon of German courts and German etiquette. * * *

"We pursued our way to the Tower of Lysicrates, the gate of the Agora, and the Agora itself. Near these are the old Turkish baths which, indefensible perhaps on any principle of correct taste, find their way to my heart with their quaint and fanciful architecture. And I may say the same of the Byzantine architecture in some of the Greek churches at Athens, which, in spite of the violation of many established rules, have at least for me, from their extreme originality, quaint ornament, and antique air, an inexpressible charm. I look with pleasure upon the walls curiously incrusted with shells, upon windows divided by columns, somewhat in the Saracenic style, and on domes oddly proportioned, but fancifully worked, and thoroughly Oriental in their general aspect. Near these baths is a beautiful palm-tree, almost the only one out of the many she once possessed, which has been spared to Athens by the devas-

tating conflict that has left her little that was ancient but her ruins. 'Quant à Athènes le pittoresque est passé!' was the observation of the Austrian consul, M. Gropius, a gentleman skilled in Athenian antiquities, and well known to every man of taste who has visited Greece during the last forty years. But although this feeling may prevail in the minds of men acquainted with Turkish Athens, such an impression can not be produced now in 1839 upon any traveller coming from the western parts of Europe. When for the first time passing through the bazaar, a narrow street of open shops, I never shall forget the endless variety of costume which met my eye at every step; the flowered capote, with its dark but ornamental cowl, the richly-braided waistcoat, with its different patterns, the sash, the fustanella, and the shawl bound round the head, sometimes as white and glittering as snow, sometimes in folds of gaily contrasting colours. * * * Athens is in its period of transition, and offers, at least now, some curious con-

trasts. Nor is the old Byzantine edifice more in harmony with the modern German house than the stern old chieftain of the hills, wrapped in his capote and absorbed by his own disdainful thoughts with the characteristics of modern Athens—an apparition haunting the places where its glory is dead, now gliding through crowds with which it has apparently no sympathy and little natural connection, now stepping haughtily along the streets, and casting an eye of scorn on the degenerate Greek, who rejects the fashion of his country, to adopt the latest style of Parisian dress. Rarely, perhaps, in any age, have citizens of the same country met on a common arena, formed upon such different systems, and cast in such a different mould, as the children of the system now expiring, and those creatures of the new philosophy of France. I remember, in illustration of this point, a curious story which indicates the contrast offered by members of the same family. A chief of the old patriarchal and feudal school, with whom I was acquainted,

possessed, a few years ago, an almost impregnable castle, in a wild and rocky country, which he had filled with bold and devoted retainers. A party of gentlemen, connected, I believe, with one of the foreign legations, arrived at the stronghold and was received with great hospitality; but on the following morning, when returning to Nauplia, was stopped by a body of men, manifestly sent from the castle, and plundered. On reaching Nauplia, it so happened, that the first individual met by the principal member of the pillaged party was the very son of this mountain chief, who having received his education in the town, and having even spent some time at Paris, was as complete a representative of young France, as his father was of feudal Greece. Chancing to be asked the time of day, the traveller replied that he should have had the utmost pleasure in giving the desired information, but that he had been unhappily deprived of his watch that morning by his father's band; to which the youthful heir of the robber castle is re-

ported to have answered, with all the graceful indifference of good society, that the event was equally unfortunate to both, as it deprived his friend of that which could not easily be replaced in Greece, and precluded him from ascertaining the time of day exactly when he most required to know it, for the fulfilment of a particular engagement."

Of the many and grave sins which may be laid to the charge of the Greek Government, indifference to education is not fairly to be imputed; in fact, of the various duties imposed upon the State by the constitutional charter, it is almost the only one which has not been wholly neglected. The character and standard of the national schools indeed vary, as may naturally be expected, with the temper and circumstances of the different races in different parts of the country; but taking Greece as a whole, the proportion of the male population brought under educational influence is considerable. Even here, however, the Government cannot strictly claim

much credit. Such credit is rather due to the natural acuteness and genuine love of learning which are combined in the Greek mind with a singular mixture of patriotism and vanity, and which, in many places at least, have made education both with teachers and taught a labour of love. It may be, indeed, that the results are sometimes hardly worthy of the machinery; it often is, I believe, the fact that the mathematical and scientific branches of instruction sink below the level that may be reasonably required, and that the force of the system is too exclusively directed to the study of grammar and history, because these are so closely associated with the past but unforgotten glories of other days —the result and evidence of which may be seen in the growing approximation of the modern to the ancient language— but after making every allowance, the value of the education given and received is not lost, and like seed falling upon kindly soil, it will probably one day bear fruit.

Independently of the institutions of national origin, there was, in 1839, an American missionary school, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Hill, and the work, which, observed by almost every traveller, lasted on for many years, was interesting in the picture which it presented of Greek quickness. National schools have doubled since 1839; but I pass by not infrequent allusions to those which even then had been established in the Morea for the sake of the following description of Mrs. Hill's school; and this not only on account of the anecdote with which it concludes, but from its reference to female education in a country, where, from the still prevailing influence of Oriental habits and thought, women are, next to the clergy, the most uninstructed class.

"On the following day we saw one of the most interesting institutions at Athens, a female school presided over by Mrs. Hill, the wife of the American Episcopal minister resident at Athens; to whom

we were indebted for the performance of Divine service on successive Sundays. There were, I should conceive, more than a hundred scholars in this establishment, many of them daughters of Greek chiefs, and all persons of respectable parentage. We saw some of the elder girls learning music, and the younger taking lessons in geometry. They had, generally speaking, an air of great acuteness, and are said to be remarkably quick in apprehending and mastering their studies. Many wore the Greek cap, and nearly all were attired more or less in the Greek dress. Amongst them we saw a pretty little girl not six years old, Irene by name, whom certain strange and romantic circumstances had invested with a peculiar interest. She had been taken captive by some brigands, and her nurse had been murdered in her sight. Immediately after her seizure, the captain ordered a Turk who belonged to his band to put her to death; but as, in compliance with the order, the ruffian attempted to draw his sword, by some fortunate acci-

dent it clung to the scabbard. Upon this the superstitious Mussulman went to the captain, and told him that Heaven was manifestly opposed to her destruction. Her life was spared in consequence, but the banditti carried her to the mountains, and she lived with them for months in their wild haunts. She was treated with some degree of kindness by one of the band, who generally gave her at night a corner of his capote to sleep on; but on the whole she seems to have experienced rough usage, and to have been beaten rather severely with pipe-sticks. Her habits of obedience had been rendered so implicit by this mountain discipline that when first she came to Mrs. Hill's school, she would sit or stand in any place where she had once been left for hours together, without moving an inch or changing her posture in the slightest degree; indeed, a positive summons could alone break through that statue-like repose. Though still so very young she had a thoughtful expression of countenance, acquired

probably by the stern rule to which she had been subjected, and the terrible scenes which she had witnessed. She would sometimes, though rarely, imitate in dumb show the movements of the brigands when on the point of taking human life."

I am unwilling to omit from this fragmentary sketch of Athens in 1839 all allusion to the Court, and all the more that the sovereign then on the throne has ceased to reign. Not, indeed, that his character has ever excited, or is likely to excite, much interest, for of the many travellers who have left some record of a state dinner, or ball, or party, none have found anything to praise or admire in this unfortunate Bavarian. Nor is this condemnation by contemporary history probably undeserved. His influence, so far as it extended, was prejudicial to the practical working of the constitution which it was his duty to develope, and to the general interests of his adopted country. He had not in him the abilities of a Leopold, and the difficul-

ties of the Greek kingdom were perhaps even greater than those with which Leopold ever contended; but his legal powers, which were great, were too often strained in secret antagonism to the law; he accepted only to neutralise by corruption and intrigue the constitution which in 1843 was forced upon him; his mind, singularly alien to the quickwitted people over whom he ruled, was riveted down to the dull and pedantic routine of a German drill-sergeant; and even where his feelings were in harmony with those of his subjects, it was, as the official correspondence of 1854 plainly shows, for their mischievous prejudices and their fanatical ambition for the "grand idea," that he reserved his sympathy. It has always appeared to me that the earlier years of King Otho's reign were for Greece as precious and critical years of national existence as can be found in the history of a people. The glow and enthusiasm of the recent war of Independence were still fresh; of the good and evil qualities which that war brought so clearly

to light, it was, perhaps, still possible to have warmed and cherished into action the higher and nobler; and amidst much turbulence, lawlessness, and selfishness, there were two, at least, of the prime conditions of success which a statesmen could desire —a clear space on which to build, and a popular and almost passionate wish for national distinction. All this was hopelessly wasted; nor was there even that grace of manner which costs royalty so little, and which goes so far to attract the affections of the mass. The want of it pervaded every action alike of his public and private life. M. About truly said, in his lively work on Greece, that with a moderate exertion of skill and taste it would have been easy to create in the latitude of Athens a miniature court and palace which, in its elegance and simplicity, would have driven the small princes of Germany to despair. But unfortunately it was the king's object to surround himself with the fictitious state of a great monarchy, and the results of that ambition are to this day

seen in the disproportionate and ill-constructed palace which cumbers the ground with its ponderous architecture. The very circumstances of its foundation were not propitious. Mr. Giffard, who was travelling in Greece in 1836, was a spectator of the ceremony, and has preserved the curious but somewhat ominous picture of the Greek people, who had rushed with enthusiasm to view the spot where the foundation stone had been laid, being repulsed by the swords of the soldiers, and with the quickness of Greek alliteration revenging the slight by a muttered abuse of the Bavarians or Barbarians who had been guilty of such bad taste.* Mr. Senior, eleven years afterwards, found that time had not wrought any improvement in these respects, and he has left upon record, in his interesting Journal in Greece, † a still more senseless act of formalism and social brutality in the practice of compelling all native guests at the Court balls to remain on to a late

* Visit to the Morea, p. 180. † Journal in Greece, p. 241.

hour of the night, and even of driving back by the sentries some few more adventurous spirits who rebelled against this intolerable tyranny. Even in these Journals, kept in 1839, I observe the trace of a rather singular custom which then prevailed at Court. No ladies except those of the Court—not even the wives of foreign ministers—were in the habit of dining at the palace, although they were in regular attendance on the occasion of balls or evening parties.

It can be little wonder that a sovereign possessed of so many substantial defects, and unredeemed by even the grace and geniality of royal manner, should fall unregretted and unsupported by any class of his subjects. But in the earlier years of his reign—as yet unclouded by the sense of failure and disappointment—there were not altogether unreasonable hopes of the youthful king and queen At that time the king was not broken in health and appearance by illness, and the queen was young, graceful, and full of animation. I find, as

in the following instance, more than one allusion to them in the earlier part of these Journals.

"We remained standing till the doors were thrown open, and their Majesties appeared. They went round the circle, making some good-humoured observation to each individual; and when this was completed, dinner was announced. The king and queen preceded the rest of the company, and sat next to each other. As a foreigner I was placed on the other side of the queen, who conversed graciously on many subjects. She has obviously an intelligent mind; though young, is acquainted, at least by report, with persons and things in the different Courts of Europe, and discussed them with an agreeable frankness, though she never forgot her dignity, or fell into the semblance of an indiscretion. She inquired with great interest after the health of the Queen Dowager of England, now resident at Malta, and expressed a strong hope that she would terminate by a visit to Athens her Mediterranean tour.

She described, with much naïveté, her feeling of impatience, when as she sailed round the Morea, arriving for the first time in the East, and naturally anxious to see the land of her adoption, she was becalmed in her ship, which lay inactive for many days together, upon a motionless expanse of sea, immediately opposite the iron coast of Maina. After dinner, the king and queen went into the adjoining apartment. The rest of the party followed, and ranged themselves formally round the room; their Majesties gliding round the circle, and addressing different persons. I had much conversation with the king. He touched on Greece, talked of England, and seemed much interested in the state of our Universities. He dwelt some time on his journey into the Morea, an expedition from which he had recently returned. After some time the king and queen bowed and retired, and their withdrawal was the signal for a general departure.

* * * * "It was Easter Eve,

and holding each a taper in their hand, the King and Queen of Greece stood under the royal canopy in the cathedral. The king was attired in a magnificent Albanian dress, and certainly it became him well. His vest was of silver, richly figured, his gaiters were worked in red embroidery, he wore the white kilt, and in his hand he held the scarlet cap. The queen's dress was also handsome; but covered as it was with the richest golden embroidery, it seemed perhaps too heavy for her youthful form. Her cap was elaborately worked in gold, and from it a long and graceful tassel depended. Meanwhile the dress worn by the common priests was dark and simple. Their long black beards, aquiline features, and severe cast of countenance, accorded well with their sombre habiliments, and set forth the gorgeous attire in which the higher dignitaries were arrayed. The officiating priest was remarkable from his age, his handsome countenance, and his magnificent grey beard. A strange and not unpleas-

ing effect was produced on the mind by the blaze of the innumerable lights, each person holding a taper in his hand as a mark of his adhesion to the faith; by the variety of ecclesiastical and national costume; and by the wild chant which rose around us, and filled the air with its peculiar and plaintive sounds."

I bring this long and fragmentary chapter on Greek things and persons to a close by the following extracts, which illustrate the state of society in Athens in 1839, and by a brief description of Petro Bey, the head and representative of the great Mavromichale family, of whom mention is frequently made in these Journals in connection with the Morea where he exercised so large an influence, and who was altogether one of the most striking men of his time. The principal features of the old man's appearance as here described, seem to me not without interest; but I am perhaps bound to confess to some personal feeling for him, whether on his own account, or whether from many

early recollections of him, having received as a child his blessing and preserving still his portrait.

"Sir Edmund Lyons introduced me on my first arrival to the members of the diplomatic body, and I thus gradually became acquainted with the persons best known at Athens; for as Sir Edmund's personal popularity is great and his hospitality unbounded, every one, foreigner or Greek, distinguished by position, character, or talents, is sure to find a welcome at his house, and often a place at his social board. Some of the foreign ministers at Athens are agreeable; but that which is fraught with real interest and is characteristic of the country, is not to be found among the members of the diplomatic profession in Athens. They are only the types of a state of society more or less common to all the civilized kingdoms of Europe, and have no real affinity in habit or thought with that widely different world which moves around them, and in which, generally speaking, they have only

a passing interest. The usual refinements of European society may be found in Athens; but it is the Greek society and the development of the Greek mind that will ultimately attract the attention of the stranger. It may, indeed, be said that even at Athens no society exists among the natives, in our acceptation of the word. Society after the fashion of Europe is rather growing up than established. Before the revolution, the circumstances of the country were naturally adverse to the growth of a native society which could exercise real influence either on minds or manners. Since that event its progress has been retarded by many prejudices, not yet eradicated, even though the producing causes have themselves ceased to exist, and particularly, perhaps, by the degraded position still occupied by the lady of the house in every genuine Greek establishment. There are, of course, Athenian ladies who have accompanied their husbands on foreign missions, or have become connected with the court in

their own country, or have mixed in the foreign society of Athens; and they have imbibed European ideas, sometimes to their full extent; but these are, comparatively speaking, very few. Lady Carnarvon gave little evening parties, and we occasionally saw a few of those ladies who could be tempted from the seclusion of their homes. The men are, with few exceptions, clever, and possess more general information than might be expected from the stormy period in which their youth has been cast. Every man who has attained to the age of thirty has witnessed those perilous days, and has often played a part in the drama of the late revolution. Their native powers have been quickened by the varied emergencies in which they were involved; the necessity of guarding against evil in every shape, the shifts to which they were perpetually exposed during years of protracted struggle, the discrimination of character which constantly recurring peril is sure to teach, have given them much insight into human motives,

and rendered their conversation entertaining and instructive. Among those who have thus borne an active part in the troubles of their country, the vanity, which still, as in earlier times, predominates in the national mind, is often mitigated in its display by a tact acquired under circumstances, when life itself sometimes depended on nice management and correct observation of the feeling of others. But that which has most impressed me in my intercourse with the better portion of the manhood of Greece is an appearance of suffering derived, I imagine, from the joyless character of their youth, from which every buoyant feeling has been banished,—mingled with an appearance of reflection, which is imprinted on their countenances, and which I have sometimes thought attached, though in a less degree, to the Greek population generally. Nor can it be a matter of surprise if the events of those iron times have left some painful and ineffaceable vestiges of their influence even on the external man. That revolution has

not spared a single family in Greece, and while it established the national independence, it fell upon individuals with unmitigated severity, and swept friends and fortune into one common abyss. * * *

"There are here several foreigners—amongst them some Englishmen and men of family, who have come to Greece for the purpose of investing their capital in land. Many of these are full of sanguine hope and speculation, and some of them have become well acquainted with the physical condition and agricultural capabilities of the country. Besides these settlers, if they may be so termed, persons of every nation are continually arriving at Athens, as at a common centre from which they severally diverge, some into the interior of the country, some to Constantinople, and some again into the more distant regions of Egypt and Syria. Of these some are either travelling for the sake of amusement, or have been drawn to Athens, fascinated by her magic name; some are journeying to the East, in-

fluenced by the political interest which now as ever attaches to these regions; or are prosecuting researches in some branch of oriental learning; or are accomplishing some practical object connected with archæological or religious or missionary purposes. Individuals animated by these various motives seem to be travelling to and fro between Athens and the Eastern World. Intent themselves on their different pursuits, they often communicate to those around them a character of earnestness which is in some degree novel, and not altogether unpleasant, when compared with general society where men are rarely in earnest, except when personal interests are at stake. Placed as we are at Athens, in the last fastness of the European world, we drink in with avidity every account of those Eastern regions on whose confines we stand, and we rejoice in the oriental character which almost every Athenian conversation ultimately assumes. Those, indeed, would be disappointed who might be tempted to spend a winter at Athens,

expecting the tone of conversation and the intellectual attractions distinctive of the great capitals of Europe; but those who feel an interest in the actual condition, and the future prospects of that Eastern world which must hereafter force itself more and more upon the consideration of our statesmen, will find in the society of Athens much food for curious observation, and with reference to oriental affairs, much practical good sense and solid information. But all is strange at Athens, and full of striking contrast. The fragments of the old are jumbled with the elements of the new and as yet unformed society. Chiefs, respectable from their past exploits, but who, like the old Douglas in Tantallon, are disposed to lament that ever sons of theirs should read or write, jostle against their children, the disciples of young France. Even the elements of the new creation, out of which the future society of Athens must be formed, and from which it must ultimately derive its character, appear in

harsh and naked individuality; there seems as yet no principle of cohesion, not even a growing tendency to amalgamate; and even in the king's palace, the honest but slow and formal Bavarian sits side by side with the intelligent but less scrupulous Greek, with little courtesy on their lips, and with real aversion in their hearts. Of such materials is Athenian society composed. The settler, the enterprising traveller, the missionary, the steady German, the Greek of the new democratic, and the Greek of the old feudal school, are simultaneously brought together on the narrow but varied stage of Athens.

* * * * "We were introduced a few days afterwards to Petro, the last Bey of Maina, now a counsellor of state. He had been a tributary of the Porte, paying a nominal allegiance to the Sultan, but ruling with an almost independent authority, except where it was controlled by the feudal rivals of his family. The house in which he lives is one of the few which still remain of Turkish Athens. The

garden and the fountain are still to be seen, and in the court were many wild-looking retainers, some engaged in listless converse, some stretched along the ground and basking in the warm sunshine, the last vestiges of that picturesque and irregularly martial retinue which once formed and characterised the mountain court of Maina. Ascending an external flight of steps, we passed along an open gallery, and entered by a window the room where the Bey was sitting. He was a remarkably fine old man, clad in a loose Oriental robe, richly fringed with sable, beneath which appeared a close-fitting purple vest, and a sash of many colours. The upper part of his head was bald; the remainder of his hair flowed down in a somewhat disordered fashion, and his moustaches, almost amounting to a beard, gave him a venerable aspect. His hands were finely formed, and of a remarkable whiteness, and his hazel eyes beamed with intelligence and a noble expression indicating high birth and generous sentiments. He

rose on my arrival and placed me by his side; and when I expressed my intention of visiting his country—'God,' he said, 'my son, has rained more stones on the Maina than on any other part of the world.' 'Ay, but it is an unconquered land of liberty,' observed his son, who stood by in a Greek dress. Immediately opposite the divan, on which the Bey was sitting, hung the portrait of George, his departed son—George, the high-minded, the ill-fated, remarkable through life for mercy and humanity, with the exception of that one fierce act for which he ceased to live. Incensed by the hostility evinced to the ancient usages of his country by its first foreign ruler, and maddened by the systematic degradation of his family, he conspired with others, and under the influence of a frenzied enthusiasm, he slew his enemy in the very seat of his government, and on the threshold of the house of God. His brother, who was passionately attached to him, seeing me look at the picture, said in a low and altered voice—

'That was George.' The old man caught the word, raised his eyes heavily to the portrait, fixed them for a moment on the well-known features, with a melancholy expression, and then withdrew them without an observation or a sigh.

"Petro Bey is President of the Council. He is attached to what is called British, and extremely hostile to Russian, influence. Unbounded hatred to that government has been a feeling predominant in his family ever since that ill-fated revolt in which nearly eighty years ago the Greeks were induced by Russian emissaries to rise against their Turkish masters, and were afterwards abandoned to their unpitying vengeance."

## CHAPTER II.

### ATHENS TO NAUPLIA.

I PROCEED now to give some account of the journey through the Morea; and, subject to occasional omissions, the narrative in this and the following chapter is sufficiently consecutive to enable me to dispense with explanations or comments of my own.

"The seventh of May rose in unclouded sunshine on the Athenian world; and I started upon my journey. Its principal object is undoubtedly the Maina, yet the names of Corinth and Argos sounded pleasantly in my ears, as I began my tour through the Morea. We drove to Daphne, through a beautiful valley, the steeps crowned on both sides with olive, and we delighted in the first view of Eleusis, gaily studded with wild flowers. Numbers of children crowded round us, wearing the

picturesque Albanian dress common to that part of the country, and rich in a kind of rude embroidery. Coins of low amount, but various in their sort, were strung along the caps of this young assemblage, or were hung on their necks intermixed with coral beads. One little boy wore as a talisman against the evil eye a tiny book ornamented with massive silver, and bearing the chivalrous figure of St. George and the expiring dragon. I rode on through a wild and rather beautiful country, covered with pine and dwarf oak, pursuing a varied path sometimes over the hills, sometimes by the margin of the waves. Opposite to us lay the island of Salamis, bold in outline, but black and barren in appearance; behind us was Pentelicus. Then, leaving the sea-shore, we struck across the country to Megara, finely placed on the slope of a hill which looks over the plain to the sea. The town was still almost in ruins—the melancholy result of the great struggle for independence, and still more of the civil war that

followed; but the roofs of the few houses that remained were flat, a circumstance that gave to them a somewhat eastern character. Having paid our respects to the Demark, who was wrapped up in a fur pelisse, we proceeded to the shore. Here we were accosted by an old chief with whom my companion had been formerly acquainted, one of three brothers, all natives of Mistra, and great men and famous in the war of Independence. He who now addressed us had been a 'hakim' or doctor in the old Turkish days, possessed indeed of little scientific knowledge, and having never received any regular education, but with considerable practical abilities and eminent for his skill in healing wounds and curing fractures. He was in high favour with the Turks before the war, and observed that the revolution had been very injurious to his private fortunes, as he was continually receiving solid proofs of their regard, and was invariably offered the place of distinction near the Pacha when Greeks of the highest rank, and even Mahomedans,

were making humble obeisance. In spite, however, of these personal advantages, he warmly espoused the cause of the revolution, and men rallied under him in numbers because, they said, it was a joy to fight under a doctor as their chief, who could not only lead them to battle, but when disabled in it could heal them of their wounds. Returning to our house, I found our hostess rocking in her arms a child that was evidently in a high state of fever. She told me that she had lost seven out of fourteen children—some boys, some girls. She sighed as she alluded to the boys, but her countenance assumed a more cheerful expression as she referred to the fate of the girls—an indication of the little estimation in which female children are held in Greece —a feeling which, if originally derived from their Turkish masters, has been confirmed by their own peculiar habits. A son to carry on the half-national, half-predatory warfare of the mountain against the Turk, or a sailor to steer his ship through the tortuous navigation of the Archipelago,

amassing wealth by commerce or piracy, were the household blessings which were coveted not only by Greek fathers, but to a great extent even by their wives. * * *

"We paused on our way, spread our travelling carpet under the shadow of an enormous fig-tree, and took our mid-day repast. The ground around me, which was covered with the wild mustard, abounded in that exquisite flower miscalled in Greece the wild violet; a graceful species of the convolvulus was blooming near, and a beautiful pink cystus was everywhere growing in clusters in the woods. I also observed another flower, pink in colour and covered with a network so delicate and almost aerial that one might well have fancied it the work of fairy hands. My Greek guides seemed to suppose it invested with some mysterious qualities, and said that earlier in the season it was luminous at night. There is also here a shrub known by the name of wolfs-foot, and common to many parts of this country. To its malignant influences the people

attribute the fevers which sometimes rage in the neighbourhood of Corinth; and, till the Turks were dispossessed, the Aga proceeded every year in solemn procession to denounce and to destroy it.

"Whilst we still reclined under our fig-tree, some soldiers approached us, leading a prisoner, and sat down on the grass. In the prisoner my companion recognised an old Klepht. The Klephts were generally the hardiest and most adventurous of the peasant population of Greece; there was scarcely a mountain pass which had not its band of them, and they devoted their life to an almost perpetual warfare with the Turk. Buoyed up by national and religious fanaticism, they considered the slaughter of a Mussulman far less as a crime than as a proof of high-mettled independence and orthodox opinion. Protected, moreover, by the sympathies of their countrymen, they often lived free and respected in their villages, retreating to their inaccessible fastnesses in the mountains at the earliest intimation of danger.

We asked the soldiers what had brought them there. 'To bring back the prisoner, a deserter,' they replied. We asked him why he had deserted. 'Because,' he said with the air of an independent chief rather than the subdued deportment of a captive, 'because I love my robber shoes, and wish to be free on the hills again.' The robber shoes was a figurative term expressive of the robber life, because in some of the wild and stony parts of Greece these lawless men wear shoes of pigskin, which do not easily slip off, and which enable their possessors to glide with facility over rocks which hardly seem to present a safe or even a practicable footing.

"While we were still conversing, my muleteer, Elias, rose, and gazing on the sky where shower and sunshine were contending, the rain apparently obtaining the mastery, observed that it was necessary to renew our march, although the Devil was soundly beating his wife. We were joined as we rode on by a man who had lately been in the police force, but was

now a forester. He told us that he rejoiced in the change, for he loved the life of the woods; and his eye kindled with no common exultation as he spoke of his liberation from the bondage of the Frank dress, and the restoration to his own Albanian garb. And well that handsome dress became his manly figure. He wore it loosely, and with even more than the usual freedom from restraint, as if to mark his mortal aversion to the confinement of the European uniform. * * * We continued our journey in a pretty country, sometimes through thickets, sometimes over plains of dwarf oak, and then again along the shores of a sea, bright beyond words to describe, for the natural clearness of the water and the light-coloured pebbles over which it flowed gave it an unusually lustrous appearance. At length we reached the termination of the Gulf, and entered on the Isthmus of Corinth. We ascended a ravine formed of sand rock, projected on both sides into picturesque forms, and covered with sombre pines. Here, it is said, the Ve-

netians undertook the laborious task of cutting through the Isthmus, and a tradition still exists that whilst the workmen were excavating the ground, of which traces still remain, a fountain of blood issued from the earth, and simultaneously a blight affected all the men, who languished from that hour and died.

"The sun was setting as we rode into Corinth, placed at the foot of that glorious land-mark the Acro-Corinthus, and separated but by three or four miles from the sea. But it seemed little more than a village, with one or two houses superior to the rest. In the evening we paid a visit to some Greek friends of my companion. A young Greek officer was sitting with our host, and I was rather amused by a conversation that arose between them. The young man's language was a whimsical combination of views, very rational in some points, and equally absurd in others. Whenever he touched on the internal policy of the country his tone was rational enough; but, whenever he adverted to her external rela-

tions, no fanatic could be less restrained by the bounds of reason or probability. The king, he observed, should place himself at the head of his troops and march into Epirus and Thessaly; and in a fortnight, he might be master of Constantinople. The older but shrewder man, who had learnt to estimate probabilities a little more accurately in the hard school of practical war, yet was unwilling to appear in the eyes of a stranger to under-rate Greek capabilities, replied that Greek soldiers were indeed full of courage, but that a fortnight was rather a limited period of time for any warriors to accomplish such a feat. 'Yes,' said the young man, 'but the judgment denounced against the Turks is nearly complete, and the old prophecy records that it will have its fulfilment in the course of the present century.' 'True: but another prophecy predicts that in this very year a sovereign shall decamp from Greece.' A cloud came over the young soldier's brow; he did not like the allusion; his rank was high in the army at least for

his age; his interest at court was good; the natural proneness of his mind to exaggeration was the secret of his foreign views; but an apprehension, prompted by personal motives, of any events which might unsettle existing sources of patronage inspired him with a caution and moderation respecting the internal policy of Greece, which were wholly wanting when he came to discuss her foreign relations. The lady of the house kept aloof, sitting on a small piece of carpet near the window. She had little manner, did not enter into conversation, and seemed almost surprised when I spoke to her. She was evidently treated as an inferior, neither receiving nor expecting any of those little attentions which in other countries are generally lavished on the lady of the house. * * * *

"We pursued the road to Nemea, which lay through a country desolate enough, yet not without some beauty. The quercus vallonea was everywhere abundant, the squill grew in many places, and occasionally the oleander, but the wild olive and wild

pear were the only trees of any importance. Continuing, however, our journey through a ravine of rather indifferent reputation, we suddenly found ourselves on a knoll covered by very beautiful fruit trees. These, I was told, were the last vestiges of the once cherished and beauteous garden of Khamil Bey, the most influential Mussulman in the Morea before the Revolution. The halls which he had raised are now levelled with the dust, and the spot which he converted into an earthly paradise, has returned to its original desolation. The land has passed from the family of its ancient lord; and that lord is in a bloody and dishonoured grave. As we left the knoll, Elias congratulated the other muleteers on the brilliant colouring of a rainbow which was then spanning the sky. 'That arch,' he said, 'is red indeed, and abundantly will the red wine flow this year.' I asked him what possible connection could exist between the tints of the sky and the produce of the grape. 'I cannot tell you,' he replied; 'but so it

is. If yellow is the master colour of the rainbow, oil abounds, and the olive crop is great; if, on the contrary, it is principally tinged with green, corn prevails; but at present red predominates, and therefore the red wine will be our staple for this year: and this it is which fills my spirit with joy.' 'But to-morrow's rainbow,' I said, 'may be as yellow as this is red.' A Greek is never at fault. 'No,' replied Elias, 'the same colours generally prevail during the same season.'

"Our journey was desolate; but Elias beguiled it with some of his amusing stories. He told us tales of platomancy, one of the most curious of Greek superstitions. On holding up to the light a shoulder blade of lamb, when stripped of the meat, the gifted man can foretell by the appearance of the veins events yet in the womb of time, and particularly the near approach of danger. The great chief Colocotroni, he observed, was one day feasting with his Klephts in the mountains, when, happening to examine a shoulder

blade of lamb, he became conscious of impending peril. His band had scarcely time to seize their arms when the ambushed Turks were upon them. Overpowered by numbers, they were routed with loss, and Colocotroni was compelled to fly, bearing on his shoulders his wounded lieutenant, whom he deposited in a lonely spot, taking refuge himself in Zante, in order to escape the hot pursuit which followed. His lieutenant was his 'compare,' a tie peculiar to Greece, and even more sacred than that of blood. The 'compare' is the individual selected to act as bridesman at a wedding, or godfather at the birth of a child. By this act he is not only confirmed as a friend, but established as a relative. He may not marry his friend's sister, nor, I believe, his daughter, and certainly, under no circumstances, might he espouse his wife. The 'compare' is bound to cherish and defend his new kinsman alike in prosperous or in adverse circumstances; to divide with him the last crust of bread, or to shed for him the last drop of blood—obligations reci-

procal on the part of his friend, and generally discharged with unswerving fidelity. This tie, belonging to an earlier rather than the present age, exercised a great, and on the whole, I think, a useful influence on the Greeks; as it redeemed not only by the appearance, but by the reality, of a certain virtue the barbarous habits of their mountain wars, and gave—at least so far as it went—an ennobling direction to their thoughts and a chivalrous tinge to manners which were often sullied by ferocious cruelty. 'Compares' seldom disagree: but in the case recorded by Elias a feud arose. Colocotroni remained two years in Zante; the lieutenant separated himself from his chief, and the 'compare' felt himself aggrieved. At length the cautious warrior, convinced that all danger from the keenness of the pursuit had passed, returned to the continent and met his 'compare' at sunrise on the mountains. 'I am bolder,' said Glikon. 'I am more subtle,' said Colocotroni. Their reconciliation was, however, sincere. They again rallied their band; they again feasted

on lamb; and they again resorted to the inspirations of platomancy. But the veins were dark and swollen, the omens were hopelessly unfavourable, and a feeling of despondency stole over the whole band. In spite, however, of the infallible warning, as the Greeks considered it, the impetuous Glikon prepared to attack the Bey of Coron, then travelling through the country. The Turkish forces were overwhelming, and after a brief but gallant struggle, the ill-fated robber was defeated and slain. Elias told the story with an appearance of great interest, which he undoubtedly felt, as he had himself fought under Colocotroni.

* * * As the day closed in we arrived at a welcome khan. Our room was tolerably spacious; a huge fire-place yawned to receive us, and two windows without glass were gaping upon us. Furniture of any kind there was none. Here I was told that a short time before two strangers had been murdered. Some Klephts, it was said, having heard of their arrival at the khan, had passed before the

window, levelled their carbines, and despatched the travellers without any unnecessary pain or trouble. Since that event, a station for gendarmes had been erected, and the land in its immediate neighbourhood is better cultivated than other parts of the district through which I have ridden to-day. Cultivation, indeed, invariably improves in the vicinity of a station, to an extent almost greater than can be explained by the addition of the few persons who compose the local gens-darmerie. The sense of protection afforded by the presence of a few soldiers in these wild and thinly-peopled districts, attracts the scattered population—a silent but a striking indication of the distracted state from which the country is only just recovering.

"On the following morning we left the khan, and traversed a district as wild in character as that which we had left, reaching at length a little cluster of tents inhabited by shepherds. Some of these were of straw, others of goatskins,

dark in colour, and reminding me of those which in former years I had often seen among the wandering Arabs in the North of Africa. We paused and greeted the shepherd patriarch. An Albanian by birth, a wanderer by profession, he stood before us equally proud of his country and independent life, a fine, erect, though weather-beaten man. In one tent sat his mother. She scarcely stooped under the burden of four-score years, and continued to rock her little grandson with untiring activity, as in his rudely-constructed cradle he slumbered, apparently born to the same untainted health and vigour that were so conspicuous in his race. Next to his mother sat his wife, carding wool. Bags, which were striped with bright colours, were lying on the ground; a little box, curiously inwrought with different-coloured pieces of wood—containing probably the family treasures—was lying oddly enough across her legs; the soles of her feet were exhibited to view, begrimed with dirt; her complexion was of the deepest

olive tint, and her turbaned head-dress, her flashing eye, and the long black hair, which streamed down on either side of her countenance, invested her and the whole scene with a singularly picturesque effect. In the neighbouring tent a young man was spinning, clad in the white Albanian shepherd dress, with its distinctive belt—a dress, simple as the life which the wearers of it lead, and graceful in its simplicity. He listened to us with great interest when we spoke to him of Albania.

"'Have you, too, heard of Yanina?' he said; and when we named the lake, we had evidently touched upon a chord to which every feeling of his heart responded. 'That lake,' he said; 'those shores, which I can never more behold.'

"'And why?'

"'Because, with others of my countrymen, I took up arms against the Turks; and now we wander over Greece and ever shall wander, till death comes on us one by one.'

"I asked him whether they made any

acknowledgment for the ground which their flocks were then occupying.

"'Why should we?' he replied; 'we did not beat the Turks to pay the Greeks;' but admitted immediately afterwards that when they remained for any length of time on the same ground, some slight tribute was due to the owners of the soil. It also appeared on inquiry that they paid a few lepta a-head on their flock as a tax to the government. I asked him how the children fared in this wild and unsettled life. 'All do not die,' he said; 'but all attempt to save their lives is sure to kill.' He smiled at the care taken of children in the towns, and seemed to think that any effort to avert the consequences of cold and fatigue, or even to alleviate illness, in the helpless years of infancy was unnatural, unworthy of a shepherd race, and useless in its results. In this opinion the old grandmother seemed to coincide.

"'My children,' she observed with pride, 'flourish like the tall green trees.

I have thirty children and grandchildren, ay, and many more — shepherds all, wanderers every one of them; from Wallachia to the Maina my race is known; father, grandfather, brothers, all the same; never had I kinsman that was not a shepherd.'

"That her children should have lived when others died, and that not one should have degenerated from the credit of his ancestors, or addicted himself to the mean pursuits of settled life, was manifestly the brightest and proudest consolation of her old age.

"'Do you ever expect to see again those children who have separated from your camp?'

"'At my age it is scarcely likely.'

"'Does not this consideration grieve you?'

"'It is the condition of our nature.'

"'Do you ever hear from them?'

"'I have heard of them from shepherds who have fallen in with their tents, but have never heard directly from them.'

"'Does not this annoy you?'

"'It is not the habit of our tribes to communicate when parted from each other.'

"The habits of these wandering races are singular. While living in the same encampment they form a single family, and are bound together by many powerful ties; but having once separated, they become wedded to their new associates, old attachments are superseded by new obligations, and the desire of revisiting the kinsmen of their youth seldom long survives the original separation. These shepherds are sometimes richer than those who have a greater reputation for wealth. Their habits are simple, their wants few and easily gratified, they make the cheese that they eat, and the capote that they wear; but they do not invariably consume their own mutton, if my scandal-loving Greeks spoke true; for as regards this, Elias observed, one tribe steals from another whenever the occasion serves.

"As we wound along the road, we occasionally caught distant glimpses through

the opening mountains of the Acropolis of Argos; and at length found ourselves on the plain of Nemea, near the three remaining columns of the temple of Jupiter. By the ruins is a fountain, in which some of my Greek servants entreated me to wash my eyes, saying that an old man, on the advice of an old woman, had bathed his eyes in its waters, and being blind, had been restored to perfect sight. As we originally started on our journey, greatly to the disturbance of Elias, a magpie had crossed our path; to-day, as I was rambling amongst the ruins, one of our horses escaped, and we had some difficulty in regaining the animal.

"'Ah, thou cursed magpie!' said Elias; 'it is thou that hast prompted him to do this deed.'

"'Why, you attributed the loss of the stirrup, on quitting the khan, to this unfortunate bird,' I observed; 'he cannot be omnipotent for evil to the end of time.'

"'Ay, but he is,' returned the mule-

teer. 'At least the evil influence will operate for many days.'

"This position of Elias was safe, and not likely to be disproved by the event, as trifling accidents in a Greek journey are of constant occurrence.

"As we continued our journey across the plain, Elias called my attention to the lofty mountain of St. Elias, on which stands a chapel dedicated to the saint of the name. 'There,' said he, 'the holy saint took refuge when chased by Mahomet over the plain; but Mahomet was a little touched in the wind, and could not follow him up the summit. So the saint escaped and rested in peace; and this,' he added, gravely, 'is the reason why chapels are so frequently erected to St. Elias on the high hills in Greece.' Mahomet, it appears, entertained a peculiar dislike to this saint; he could always beat him hollow on level ground, but the saint had twice the heart for a hill. And certainly, if the modern Turk be a genuine representative of his Prophet, the

Prophet was never animated by any adventurous love of exploring difficult ascents.

"As we rode on, Elias, rich in legendary lore, narrated the circumstances which attended the establishment of the great convent of Megaspelion, as generally believed in the country. A little girl, tending a flock of goats, observed one of these animals with traces of water on its mouth coming from a thicket where she knew there was no spring. Unable to explain, and anxious to ascertain the fact, she followed the animal until it reached a secluded spot, where the Virgin appeared to her in the shape of an old woman, commanding her to summon a priest, and to enjoin him to set fire to a neighbouring wood, which was then tenanted by a huge serpent that devoured the passers-by. The priest arrived, a torch was applied to the thicket, and the serpent was surrounded by a sea of flames. His dying agonies were terrible to behold, his groans horrible to hear.

At length he became still in death, and the country was delivered from the scourge; but even now sometimes a low, strange, hissing sound falls on the traveller's ear at midnight, freezing his blood, and filling his bosom with a sense of unwonted terror. A spring was found where the serpent died, and over it a shrine was erected to the Virgin. The girl was made a saint, and the shrine became in time the mighty Megaspelion.

* * * * "We rode on through a pass of more than doubtful reputation. Parties of armed men had been stationed by the authorities along the road to protect travellers. There they stood in their striking Albanian dresses musket in hand and hanging over the precipices; for the most picturesque situations are generally those most open to the incursions of the robber. Nor were the dwelling-places scattered through the narrow defile less picturesque than the soldier tenants who occupied them. Those habitations, half wall, half crag, afforded a precarious shelter to men

who had been themselves Klephts, and were now chosen by the municipal authorities to guard the road, partly from a just appreciation of their past experience, partly with the view of retaining such dangerous allies under the allegiance of the law. Winding along the banks of a stream bordered with oleanders and low planes, which grew more like underwood than timber, we arrived at the Khan of Kharvati, where we spread our carpets under the shade of a fig-tree, opened our canteen, and feasted on cold lamb and figs. We were here told that a Tatar arriving at this khan had been found dead in his saddle, still erect in his seat, and borne along at full gallop by his gallant horse. We resumed our journey, and filing along the side of a wild and craggy hill, we came in sight of that massive monument which is popularly known as Agamemnon's tomb.

* * * * Mycenæ before me, Argos beneath me. What a tide of glorious recollections crowded into narrow limits. Agamemnon's tomb is magnificent; the

walls are Cyclopean, and the soffit impresses the mind. * * * As we approached the Gate of Lions we beheld the Cyclopean walls in their grand simplicity. On the left hand, huge uncemented stones of various forms and sizes rested on the bare crag ; on the right, blocks, still more huge, formed a wondrous wall from the ground. The lions, deprived of their heads, but hewn out of a single piece, stand out in fine relief. Rain came on, and in the thunders that were pealing over our heads, and re-echoed by the rocks, the imagination, transported to other times, delighted to recognise the solemn voice of Argive Jove.

We rode across the famous Argolid to Argos. * * * * Close by the town, I saw some barley, which had probably been sown by some foreign resident. It was the first I had seen in the Morea. And now I found the pencil-case of my pocket-book missing, upon which Elias reiterated his curses against the unlucky magpie. That miserable bird had occasioned the

breaking of a bridle and a stirrup; it had caused the loss of a knife, which Elias had taken in single combat from a Turk some eight years ago; and now my pencil-case was gone. Never had any previous magpie been so persevering in the cause of mischief. His mind was for the moment fully depressed by a sense of evil augury. Just before we reached the town, we saw a party of priests, and this, too, he maintained was ominous of coming disaster. I observed that he was but an indifferent son of the Church, and to this he only responded by a melancholy shake of the head. It is a fact, strange enough in a country where the priesthood have exercised such extensive influence among the lower classes, that it is considered indicative of misfortune to meet a priest the first person in the morning.

* * * * "The heat was intense, and I returned to Colonel Gordon's house, where I was soon afterwards rejoined by my new friend, the young Greek, with whom I had explored the Acropolis. During dinner

he dwelt freely enough on Greek politics. He spoke with indignation of the Regency, which he held, and perhaps not unnaturally, in especial abhorrence, as the declared enemy of every Greek, and of all national usage. He said that the partiality of the Court to the Bavarians would lead to very deplorable results, and wished the King would banish them, and govern as a Greek. He desired to see the establishment of a national assembly, yet admitted that in the present temper of the people it was extremely doubtful whether any Greek parliament would be found compatible with the just prerogative of the crown. On the whole, it appeared to me that animosity to the Bavarians was the feeling that mainly influenced his mind.

" 'I hate those Bavarians!' he exclaimed, in a rough, quick voice, and with an eye of fire. 'So cold they are, so phlegmatic, so reserved in their manners. We should despise them if their influence over the King's mind did not protect them from our

contempt, and secure them our unmeasured hatred.' And then he alluded with bitterness to the change in the national costume.

"On the following day I had a visit from one of the primates, the head of one of the principal families of the Morea. He was one of those Greeks who, in Turkish days, had obtained the protection of some European consul or minister, and being thus exempt from Turkish jurisdiction, stood in a high position. Men so circumstanced disclaimed the title of rayahs, and called themselves subjects of the powers whose protection they enjoyed, and whose good offices they repaid by zealous feeling and sometimes by substantial service. He stayed some time, expressed himself much dissatisfied with the actual state of things, and said the government, whether intentionally or unintentionally, had ruined the primates. He spoke of the country as verging on a revolution, and regretted the times of the Turks, when, he observed with a mournful countenance, 'We were much happier.

We have now no longer any inclination to celebrate to-morrow's festival (the Greek first of May). Formerly we hastened in joyful groups to the fields on this morning, we gathered the brightest flowers, and hung them before sunrise over the doors of our friends; now we forsake our fathers' ways —we have, indeed, no heart to keep them up.'

"The discontent of the class was embodied in the language of the man. Unquestionably the primates were no gainers by the revolution. They then possessed wealth, consideration and influence, all of which had vanished with the emancipation of Greece. Under the municipal system, as it formerly existed, they arranged the incidence of their own taxation, being only required by their easy masters to furnish a stated, and that not a heavy sum. Their wealth enabled them to maintain a secret influence at Constantinople, and secured them respect in the eyes of the Turkish governors, who were even occasionally superseded in consequence of their repre-

sentations. The eldest son often succeeded to his father's influence, assuming the administration of his affairs and the management of his family property rather by the general concurrence of his brothers, than by any positive right. So circumstanced, respected by their rulers, possessing weight with their countrymen, whose fiscal condition they largely controlled, lightly taxed, and enjoying social consideration, the leading primates had no anxiety for change, and were rather driven into revolution by the overwhelming influence of the popular sentiment than by any feeling of their own. Having taken up arms against their former masters, they were compelled to support their acts by great and continual sacrifices, and at the close of that long struggle which terminated in the independence of Greece, they were ruined men. The influence which they exercised in the management of local affairs, was destroyed by the overthrow of the old municipal system; their unpaid administration was succeeded by the rule of salaried

officers under the crown ; the light expenditure of their comparatively primitive and patriarchal system made way for the costly and not very efficient forms of European government, and the King's delegate ruled as a governor where the primate had administered as a father. The primogeniture of opinion, which existed almost as a settled habit in some of their families, was abolished by the distinct promulgation of a law which established the right of equal succession. Meanwhile, no effort was made by those in authority to ameliorate their circumstances, or to raise them from their fallen condition. Never was a more impolitic course pursued by any government towards any class of men. Here were the elements of an aristocracy which might have been fostered and improved till it had become of service to the community, and a bulwark both to and against the crown. Here were that which is so generally wanting in new states—habits of business already formed, which, under wise laws and judicious treatment, might

have ripened into political and administrative intelligence; habits without which in the present day an aristocracy is, as regards the state, valueless, and even as regards society hardly able to maintain its position. Partly, however, from supineness, partly from the foolish fear of raising up a social class, which might in some degree control the crown, the government lost the fairest opportunity of creating a body of men who, whilst contributing to the gradual consolidation of the existing system, might at some future day have interposed with advantage between the throne and the advancing power of the democracy.

"Later in the day I rambled through the town and explored a fine old Turkish garden, with fountains and orange-trees, and a magnificent mulberry, which had often shaded from the heat of the noontide sun its former master. I often experience a melancholy sensation in gazing on the beautiful though crumbling works of a race of men who, recently lords of the soil, have

now no more a breathing space through the whole land, and who have lost their sunny and delicious homes without any compensation. Such generally is the case with the Moreote Turks. They were judged by the stern law which their fathers had established, that conquest gives to the conqueror a right to the lands of the conquered, indefeasible save by the sword again. Before the revolution, the Argolid was covered with stately cypresses, which gave it the appearance of a continuous garden. These have vanished, and the scene would be destitute of beauty, were it not for the unchanging sea and the imperishable mountains.

"In the evening I attended some of those festivities which generally form part of a Greek wedding. We arrived at the conclusion of the ceremony, and found that the bride had just been brought home to the bridegroom's house. There were two distinct parties. That of the bride was performing the martial but graceful evolutions of the Pyrrhic dance to the sound of the tabor and the shrill notes of the pipe.

The dance completed, they solemnly resigned the bride and slowly and silently departed. On their departure the bridegroom's party commenced the Smyrniote dance, as it is called, sometimes raising their arms triumphantly aloft, sometimes placing money in the hands or on the foreheads of the men who played the violin and lute. Whenever this occurred, their leader burst forth into a strain of rapid improvisation and personal comment, of which a few hurried expressions were alone retained by a foreign ear. 'See how gracefully the young Palikari glides along;' and then, 'Like the young fawn he bounds forth;' and then once more, 'He comes as the river rushing from its native rocks.' Such metaphorical expressions, rising above the flood of words, indicated to my unpractised ear the nature of the strains which seemed to animate and affect the audience.

"The master of the house, who had welcomed me with great cordiality, now gave me some insight into the history of the wedding. The bridegroom was 'a

child of the soul,' that tie peculiar to Greece and often stronger than the claims of blood. His master and 'compare' had trained him up from childhood, sheltered him under his own roof, fed him at his own table, instructed him in all that he knew, and in return received him from duteous homage. And now permitted to marry the maiden of his heart, he was emancipated from all positive service. His master not only defrayed all the expenses of the wedding, but gave him an ample portion and even the house, in which we then witnessed the festivities, as a free gift, and seemed as deeply interested in every circumstance connected with the object of the meeting as if his grateful vassal had been his child, not by adoption, but by birth. Nor are the benefits arising from this tie restricted to the weaker party. The vassal when made a 'compare' adopts the opinions and identifies his master's interests with his own; espouses the same quarrel, fights in the same cause, hears with the ears, sees with the eyes of his master,

lives for him, and willingly hazards his life for his. This feudal feeling existing between 'compares' in the relative positions of master and vassal, varies very much in its intensity in the different parts of Greece, operating, as might be expected, most powerfully in the mountain districts. Even persons of the same, or nearly the same position in life, are often 'compares'; and the relation has been frequently entered into by chiefs of great local reputation, in order to extend their influence. I have heard of a chief who had no less than a hundred and fifty 'compares,' in other words, so many individuals bound, by a sense of duty from which there was no escape, to devote their time, their fortune, and if necessary their lives to his defence.

"They brought us sweetmeats, and vied with each other in showing us every kind attention. The bride sat in a chair surrounded by her most intimate friends; a gold fillet round her head, her hands folded over her breast, and her eyes immoveably fixed on the ground. As I approached she

took my proffered hand, touched it with her lips before I could interpose, and carried it to her forehead. Placing the hand upon the heart, with a slight inclination of the head, is in Greece a common and most graceful form of salutation. The hand placed upon the bosom signifies that the heart beneath is yours; the hand raised to the head implies that it is at your disposal, and that you may strike it off if you will—a notion eminently characteristic of the East, both in its exaggerated courtesy and in the practice to which it refers.

"As on the following morning we passed through the streets of Argos, bunches of flowers were suspended over the doors of every house. The flowers were mixed, but every nosegay was characterised by the predominance of some one colour. As we rode along the road to Nauplia, we met a man literally bedecked from head to foot with wild flowers and long grass, while peasants with nosegays in their hands, and village girls with wreaths on their heads, transported me to the old days of heathen

Greece and the celebration of some May festival. But this gay commemoration of the sweetest season of the year, this joyful homage to the God who strews the plains of Greece with such a bright variety of hues, which has survived the extinction of the ancient races, the death of the old religion, and the lapse of two thousand years, is now beginning to pass away under influences more conducive to its destruction than centuries of war or slavery.

"We continued our journey to Nauplia, through a country still marshy, though it has been drained to a certain extent by the Government. We passed through two or three villages remarkable only for their existence—for villages in this part of the Peloponnesus are sufficiently rare to excite observation—and we galloped along a road lined on both sides by the aloe, called by the Greeks immortal, to a military colony named the new Tiryns, from its vicinity to the venerable ruins which bear that name. We passed a model farm established by Capo d'Istria: but raised with

little consideration, it was abandoned with equal facility, and is now converted to other purposes. Riding through beds of opium, which exhibited masses of bloom alternately of a glistening white and of a purple tint, and which impregnated the air with their strong scent, we approached the old Venetian fortifications, and passing under the picturesque gateway that ushered us into the town of Nauplia, we were saluted overhead by the Lion of S. Mark and the arms of the Republic. Nauplia, unlike almost every other town in Greece, was not destroyed during the war of the revolution, and many Turkish houses have survived to preserve in some degree the Oriental character of the place. Here alone, as far as I have seen, the genius of the past maintains its losing battle with the spirit of the present day. The eaves of the houses project far forward, and are sometimes very ornamental; the windows below are curious; the glass is set in small compartments of varied shapes and patterns, and a rich tracery in woodwork runs through and binds

the whole together. One ancient mosque, with quaint columns and a curious portico, is converted into a court and another into a school, where I saw many scholars, said to be apt and eager for instruction—an anxiety which in Greece affects the rising generation to a remarkable degree.

"Before I left Nauplia I rode up to the Palamede, a place of remarkable strength. In returning I saw the fortress where Petro Bey had been confined, and the steps down which his unhappy son descended, as passing to execution he saluted his father and chief for the last time. I afterwards saw the spot where Capo d'Istria fell. As he was approaching the entrance of the church, he perceived two men standing near it, one on each side, and recognised George, a member of the family whom he had cruelly persecuted, and who repaid his persecution by the most deadly hate. He was evidently disconcerted by the sight, but paused, regained his composure by a strong effort, proceeded steadily, and was slain. The mark of the bullet is still visible on the wall."

## CHAPTER III.

### NAUPLIA TO SPARTA.

"LEAVING Nauplia, I resumed my journey and rode on to the house of the famous chief, Colocotroni, who played so considerable a part in the revolutionary war, and whose influence not only was, but still is, very great in the Morea. He can neither read nor write, but he commands the respect of the Government, and is a councillor of state. Possessed of strong natural abilities, comprehending easily the bearings of every practical question, and understanding thoroughly the temper of his countrymen, this once dreaded though now somewhat neglected man has often tendered counsel, which, had it been accepted, would have conferred more benefit on Greece than most of those fashionable theories in which the feeble Regency indulged. On

arriving at his house, we were told that the old man—the designation by which he is commonly known through the Morea—was in the fields superintending his labourers. We went to meet him, and saw him coming towards us, carrying an umbrella—not perhaps exactly the accompaniment with which imagination would have furnished one of the most dreaded of Greek chieftains; but he was old, and in that burning climate the hardiest are often the most aware of the danger arising from the sun in its meridian heat. He shook hands with us warmly, and ascending an external flight of steps, showed us into his only apartment. There was a low and uncurtained bed, a small, ill-constructed table, a cheerless stone floor, and nothing that spoke of comfort but a fireplace, which occupied a very undue portion of the small room. From it we passed to a terrace protected from the sun by a roof on wooden posts; and in this temple of the winds we sat and enjoyed the prospect and a respite from the intolerable heat. Colocotroni's conversation was a curious mixture

of shrewdness and simplicity. He seldom gave a direct answer to any question, but replied in parables often constructed with ingenuity, from which his meaning might be inferred. I asked him his opinion concerning the policy pursued by the Government in regard to certain negotiations. 'A certain man,' he said, 'built a house, and his friends successively came to see it. The first admired it especially. "You have nobly done," he said; "your house is garnished well both within and without; it belongs, indeed, to man to err, and most men err many times in the construction of a single work; but you have fallen into one error, and only one. You should have placed your door on the northern side of the house; then you might have sat on your threshold and inhaled the refreshing breezes from the mountains." In accordance with this advice the owner blocked up the existing door, and made another with a northern aspect, and then his house seemed perfect to him. But soon another friend arrived to disturb his peace of mind. "Your house

is excellent," he said, "but absolute wisdom is not the lot of man. Your door is wrongly placed: you have exchanged the soft smiles of the south for the dreary aspect of the northern hills. Change it, I pray." The owner paused, murmured, considered, and changed. But soon an advocate for an eastern aspect came, and cried, "How good to watch the dawn of day;" and afterwards, a traveller from the west, who loved to look towards the land which he had left, said, "How sweet it is to see the setting sun." So the door was transferred from the south to the east and the east to the west; but there were, alas, some to whom the western aspect gave umbrage; and the owner having tried every point of the compass in a vain effort to satisfy his unreasonable friends, pulled down his mansion, and erecting a moveable house of wood, placed it on a waggon, and whenever a friend called upon him, turned it round so as to bring the door to the aspect most agreeable to the visitor of the moment. But this perpetual movement was disagree-

able to him; so at length he destroyed the new house, and built another of more solid materials, with the door looking in the direction which was most agreeable to his own taste and best suited to the locality.'

"Now, by this long allegory, he intended to represent the influence of foreign powers upon the internal policy of Greece. England, for instance, counsels the adoption of a particular course. The King consents; Russia, jealous of English success, recommends a measure diametrically opposite, and the Government yields to the new suggestion; whilst France, apprehensive lest others should be active whilst she remains a passive observer of events, prevails upon the Crown to take some step which has the effect of rescinding all that has been previously done. He intended to censure these unsteady tendencies, and to intimate, without expressing it directly, that Greece would never be prosperous till the conflicting opinions of foreigners were disregarded, and a system adopted that was really based

on the circumstances of the country and on the deliberate convictions of the Crown.

"Again, we were speaking of two individuals who had commanded in the district, and I had, if I remember rightly, asked him whether they were upright and honourable men. He answered, 'The Emperor Xerxes, who afterwards, as you have doubtless heard, waged war against Greece, hearing that Athens was a city of wise men, sent an ambassador to that city to lodge with the wisest man whom he could find within its walls. Now, the wise man and the ambassador were sitting before the door of the house, and enjoying themselves in the cool of the evening. It was a fortunate hour even as the present is,' he added, slightly bowing to me, 'and while they were thus engaged a man was carried by them on a bier. The wise man, on seeing this, cried out, "Go forth, my slaves, and see what has occurred to him whose spirit has departed." His slaves prostrated themselves, went their way, and speedily returned. "My Lord," they said, "the

man you saw has gone to heaven." The ambassador marvelled as he heard, and thought the wisdom of the Athenians was infinite who could not only ascertain a man's abode on earth, but who could so easily and quickly track the flight of the disembodied spirit. But on the next day they were again reposing in the kiosk, smoking the refreshing pipe and sipping the fragrant coffee, when another man was carried forth on another bier. And again the wise man cried out, "Go forth, my slaves, and see what has occurred to him whose spirit has departed." And the slaves prostrated themselves, went their way, and speedily returned. "Effendi, the man you saw, has gone to hell." The ambassador could no longer restrain his surprise, and said, "Wise though ye be, O Greeks, I cannot comprehend how your wisdom penetrates the veil of destiny, and how you know whither the dead man has gone." Then the slaves stood up, and bending low, said, "We know, Effendi, that the one has gone to heaven and the other has

passed to hell, because the one was followed to his grave by the lamentations, the other by the curses of his countrymen."'

"Much of his conversation consisted in this kind of allegory. He rarely returned a direct answer to any question, but left his meaning to be discovered through a cloud of metaphor; but though there was sometimes uncertainty in his speech there was no confusion. I felt as a man suddenly introduced into a darkened room, who at first sees no object, though after a while he perceives them all. His meaning, at first obscure, became distinct, and I could not but admire the mingled accuracy and ingenuity of his mind, for the metaphors were often not only well conceived, but just and sustained. At the same time the natural perspicuity of his analogies was in curious contrast with the chronological inaccuracy of his facts, and the facility with which habits and customs belonging to times the most distant and dissimilar were thrown together was whimsical. Speaking of an

individual who had been a member of the Government, but who had been driven from office, 'A man,' he said, 'was once travelling along a hill-side, and the wild dogs heard his step, and rushed to see him. And when they saw him they howled ferociously; but he pursued his way unmoved. And then they yelled the louder and crowded round him, but he only crossed himself and said a prayer, and neither used his staff nor even gathered from the road a stone to keep his savage enemies at bay. At length they fastened upon him and destroyed him.' This simply meant that heaven will not assist the man who does not aid himself. To quote one more instance: we had spoken of the effect produced by British money and loans upon the establishment of Greek independence, and I had made some observation in praise of Greece. 'People,' he replied, 'one day observed a youth, handsome in figure and nobly clad, and they praised his personal beauty, but the credit was rather due to his father than to himself.' By this he

meant that Greece, young among nations and attractive as she is, owed her existence to Great Britain. His ascription to the father of the youth's beauty, to the tacit exclusion of the mother, was characteristic of the feeling which in Greece ranks women as of very inferior consideration. He alluded to the Regency in terms of merited contempt. During the latter part of his conversation, he spoke with all the dignity and character of one of the old sages; he dwelt on the certainty of death, and the vanity of riches, and the pleasure with which he had left the busy world to close his days in the quiet country.

* * * * "We rode along the shores of the famous Alcyonian water, and looked upon the lake of Lerna, the scene of one of the Herculean labours. We were now in the land of fable. The water, filled as it was with weeds, was clear; according to native legends, unfathomable in parts,* and

* This notion is of no modern or even mediæval origin. It dates back to much earlier times, and the Emperor Nero attempted, though in vain, to sound the depth of this ancient pool.—See *Dr. Smith's Ancient Geography, Art. Lerna.*

altogether regarded with superstitious fear. We rode to the fountain of Lerna, where the source of these deep waters springs, though almost imperceptibly, from the rock. Here a magpie, that subject of perpetual disquietude, flew across the road. Elias asked an old woman whether she inferred disaster from the flight. The old woman was silent. The Greeks seldom answer when they dislike a question, or think that appearances are ominous of evil. Elias, however, answered himself by observing that as it flew from the right to the left, it was not a magpie calculated to create much distress of mind. 'Yet evil,' he added, 'is sure to dog our steps, because the master would start upon a Tuesday.' Tuesday is considered by Greeks a day as unpropitious as our Friday.

"After leaving the khan of Akhlado-Kambo we resumed our journey. The yellow broom was in flower, and the hill-sides were clothed with the Quercus coccifera, from which a red dye is extracted, and largely used in the staining of the

fez. As we rode along we met the shepherds leading their sheep from the plains to the mountains, an operation which this year has been unusually deferred from the peculiar lateness of the season. I asked them whither they were going. They said above, pointing to the tops of the hills. I asked them more particularly where; but still they only said above, clinging more resolutely to this general designation the more closely that I enquired. This indirectness of answer arises partly from a general vagueness of thought, incidental to their wandering lives, which leads them rather to embrace in the mind's eye large grazing tracts than to fix upon any particular spots, but infinitely more from that habitual caution, which in Turkish times induced them to conceal their movements, and which still cleaves to them as a second nature, though the circumstances which originally prompted it have ceased.

"As we descended the hill, we observed a shepherd playing on his pipe — the

common Arcadian pipe, unchanged since those long-vanished days, not less dear to the ancients than to us, as even most ancient in their time, and cherished by their early poets as the especial characteristic of the golden age of pastoral life. It was the shepherd's farewell tune, a sweet but melancholy air, played when they assemble before their tents, and take leave of their wives and families to go upon some distant expedition. Sad and soft and low it seemed: it is, indeed, intended to simulate the monotonous and rather mournful sound of many feet departing; for on these occasions it is played at the very moment that the men move on, the women and children standing by and listening with patient sorrow to the melancholy strain as it grows fainter in the distance. That calmness and stoical repugnance to external emotion which in the Greek, as in the Turkish mind, is inseparably connected with the dignity of manhood, forbids all eloquence to sorrow. No tear is shed, no word is spoken. But,

however stern and inflexible the mask which his pride assumed when the eye of another was on him, the softened expression of the young shepherd's countenance was not to be mistaken, as the reminiscences of his distant home crowded upon him and lived in his notes. As he leant against the rock, the old traditional pipe, the sandalled feet, the handkerchief wound round his head in graceful folds, recalled the classic peasant of Arcadia. On one side of his belt he carried a knife and a rather quaint Turkish inkstand containing a rude quill, with which he entered any calculations regarding his flock. On the other side he wore a rough instrument made of fishbone, which he used for bleeding the sheep, when bitten by a serpent or affected by the heat. Observing, perhaps, that we had noticed his emotion, and ashamed of the weakness, he suddenly turned the air into a robber strain full of animation, wildness, and variety. And now arose the marching song; and the notes that breathed the half-tender, half-

reproving expressions with which they urge their sheep to feed, as they draw near the favoured pastures, came lightly and pleasantly on the ear.

"Near Agios Georgios we entered the old road pursued by Sir W. Gell. We stopped at a khan, and entered by a ladder-staircase a room on the first floor that was full of Indian corn, of which the stalk is used as fuel, wood being here extremely scarce. Sir W. Gell alludes to a village in this neighbourhood bearing an Homeric name, but I could find no trace of it, and it may probably have disappeared in the wide wasting conflagrations of the recent war. * * * Cultivation improved as we approached Tripolizza, a new † and ugly town at the foot of a bold range of mountains. * * * On the following morning I rode to see the ruins of Mantinea. The way is long and

† In the early part of the war, the siege and capture of Tripolizza by the Greeks were followed by the massacre of no less than 8000 Turks; and when, three years afterwards, the town was retaken by Ibrahim Pacha, the old Turkish archway through which the conqueror rode was the only building spared.—*Col. Mure's Tour in Greece*, vol. ii. p. 217.

tedious, barren hills rise on both sides, but the plain is better cultivated than the greater part of the country through which I have recently passed, and once or twice some hawthorn hedge reminded me of distant England. The ruins of Mantinea are situated at the end of the valley. I was grieved to see that the destroyer had been active. These interesting remains have considerably diminished since the visit of Sir W. Gell, none of the walls are now ten feet in height, and in many places they have almost disappeared. Some houses have been recently erected, and to their construction is attributable, I think, the destruction of the old walls, which will probably altogether disappear if not more effectively protected by the government. In riding back we saw the spot where, according to local tradition, Epaminondas is said to have fallen in the arms of victory.

"In the evening we visited the house of a celebrated chief, named Hadji Christo. This man was remarkable from the peculiar

energy of his character, and from the vicissitudes which had chequered his strange career. By birth a Bosnian, he had been in early life betrothed to a young woman who, after the fashion of that rude time, was torn from him by a powerful Turk. He straightway went to his oppressor's house, stabbed him on the very threshold, fled to Egypt, to take service there, and afterwards, sailing to the Morea, became connected with Nourschid Pacha. When Nourschid, at the orders of the Porte, marched into Albania against the celebrated Ali, Hadji Christo was left to guard his treasures, and to protect that harem which was proverbial for its beauty, but which was massacred, under circumstances of the most atrocious cruelty, at the commencement of the revolution. He soon declared for the Greeks, and bore a prominent part in the struggle that ensued, though he was subsequently taken by Ibrahim Pacha. He gave me a graphic account of his capture, of the mode in which afterwards he was hurried before the Pacha at a festival, and of

the blaze of lights outshining the day, which preceded the utter darkness of a two years' confinement in a low dungeon. He wore the Albanian dress, and was conspicuous in his red sandals, and the ample folds of a many coloured sash. He was considerably past the prime of life, his nose was aquiline, his eye was that of an eagle, his complexion was singularly white, his manner blunt though not uncourteous, and a strong and hard expression lived upon a countenance on which the toil of many years was graven in iron lines. His conversation was a curious mixture of shrewdness and simplicity. He entered fully into the transactions of his past life, and it was manifest that during all its varying emergencies, he had been rather influenced by calculation than by feeling or impulse. Under difficult and doubtful circumstances he had acted with a circumspection that showed his discrimination of the character and motives of the men with whom he had to deal. He had evidently been in the habit of weighing probabilities; and

in determining to embrace the cause of Greek independence, the great deciding act of his life, he had been less influenced, I suspect, by natural prepossessions in favour of the revolution than by a cautious consideration of the events likely to affect the issue of the war.

"When we were announced, he led us through an ante-chamber to the end of a spacious apartment, one side of which was occupied by a long divan. Having placed us there, he sat down and commenced the conversation. 'I rejoice to see you,' he said, 'for I love to see great and good men.' I laughed, and said that I had little claim to such a distinction, though, perhaps, I came from a great country. He then praised England, observing that without her assistance the utmost exertions of the Greek people would have failed. 'Greece,' he said, 'would not have triumphed with Turks on the plain, and Turks on the mountains, and Turks in the cities, and Turks in the camp; not even,' he added, with energy, 'though Hadji Christo had

killed so many in single combat.' I paid him some compliments on the reputation for great deeds which he had acquired throughout Greece. 'Ay, the Greeks,' he replied, with some bitterness, 'they seek you when you are a fountain of gold, and pass you by when the stream runs dry.' He seemed to divide his life singularly enough into two periods, the civilised and the uncivilised. 'I have not been to Tegea,' he observed, 'since I was a barbarian;' and again he said, 'I was in the habit of riding very great distances when I was a barbarian. During the civil war which followed the establishment of the Greek government I always adhered to the government. I was a stranger, and it was my safest course. When the loan came from England,' he added, 'they gave money to this chief and to that, but Hadji Christo they made a colonel.' As he said these words a peculiar expression came over his countenance, indicating, I thought, the existence of conflicting feelings; vanity gratified by so high a titular

dignity, combined with a consciousness, but half-admitted even to himself, that as the solid testimonies of ministerial favour were withheld, the real consideration in which he was viewed by the government was perhaps not so great as might at first be inferred. He spoke with affection of the old Palikari dress, in which he was attired, but added, 'I was obliged to wear the European dress when I went to the king. Nobody now thinks of poor Hadji Christo in this dress. The other,' he added, and his eyes brightened as he spoke, 'carries honour with it, and people say, "the colonel comes," and then they salute me; and that makes a man proud.' So curiously throughout our conversation did proofs of shrewdness and manly sense alternate with an almost childlike simplicity.

"The young wife of Hadji Christo presented us coffee with rosoglio and sweetmeats. In the provinces, whenever the master of a Greek house is visited by a stranger of any distinction, his wife or daughter invariably presents refreshments

and stands by like a servant at our parties, holding a tray or carrying away the empty glasses. The men keep their hats on, while consuming these refreshments, return the glasses without the slightest salutation; and any mark of courteous recognition on the part of a guest is looked upon with surprise. When the sweetmeats were presented to Hadji Christo by his young wife I was struck with the air of brief, decided, and almost stern authority with which he at one moment accepted the offer, and at another declined it. When I afterwards happened to ask him whether he had any children, so much disappointment and almost annoyance were visible in his manner, that I regretted having put the question. 'I can scarcely say so,' he replied. I concluded that he had no children of his own, though he might have adopted, according to custom, some young person; but I never imagined that he was father to a race of fine and handsome daughters. When I told him that in England fathers often wished for

girls, he was at first utterly astounded by so monstrous a notion; but when I repeated the assurance, an expression of positive delight stole over the old man's countenance. His wife was an interesting young person, pretty, and with much of that softness peculiar to Greek women; but sat apart like a being of inferior kind, never attempting to join in the conversation. As her husband could neither read nor write, so probably she too was not better instructed; as, with few exceptions, the fair sex in Greece is wholly uneducated. Hadji Christo was perfectly good-humoured during our long conversation, but had many peculiarities of manner. Frequently, when animated by the subject under discussion, he rose up and sat down again; and his laugh was startling in its suddenness, and almost barbaric. He had, indeed, much of the barbarian in him in the early days, at least, of his Turkish authority; and is said, in many instances, to have abridged men by the extent of a head on rather insufficient grounds. But

though occasionally indulging in acts of vigour beyond the law, he is not accused of having been, upon the whole, either tyrannical or unjust; on the contrary, some of his most violent deeds were done in the defence of the weaker party. When Nourschid first arrived in the Morea, one of his followers inflicted some wanton outrage on a Greek, which so incensed the fierce Hadji, that, mounted on his famous steed, he pursued the wrong-doer over the plain of Tripolizza, and separated head from body without a moment's hesitation."

* * * * "After leaving Tegea, and passing by a little lake, we continued our way through a wild and stony valley; we crossed the plain where Ibrahim Pacha was defeated by Colocotroni's son; we rode through the 'Monk's Pass,' a singularly striking ravine lying between shattered crags and surmounted by a tower, which picturesque and ruined, 'pleads haughtily for glories gone.' As we advanced the country improved; wild pears were seen in abundance, the oak made its appearance,

at first low in character, but soon increasing in size and occupying a greater extent of ground, till at length as the surrounding hills became covered with wood — a new and grateful sight — we entered a real forest. Here our Greeks were startled by a bird which flew across the road, and which they called 'kira.' That bird they said had once been a woman, who deprived of all her kindred by some great calamity, retired to a solitary mountain to bewail her loss, and continued on the summit forty days, repeating in the sad monotony of grief the lamentation of the country, 'Ah me! ah me!' till at the expiration of that period she was changed by pitying Providence into a bird. So strangely live on in modern tradition the fables of heathen Greece, mingled though they may be with the incongruous accompaniments of Christian legend.

"The country was now growing singularly beautiful; the ravines were sometimes clothed with wood, and the oaks stood prominently forth on the hill sides, and in

the valleys. Fern grew everywhere around us, and the magnificence of the oaks reminded me of those beauteous glades in the parks of England, where the trees have been the growth of centuries, and where the property has gone on from father to son in long descent. In one part we observed a knot of oaks so peculiarly fine that we deviated from our path to inspect them more closely. A ruined church was buried under the shade of this gigantic group. Perceiving, or imagining that I perceived, a variety in the foliage of one of these trees, I asked a Greek to pick me a branch. He recoiled from the proposition, and answered: 'Not for the world and all its gold. I should never again have a quiet night, and the heaviest calamities would fall on any person who plucked a leaf from the holy trees; except, indeed, on the feast of the Virgin, when we may safely pick even boughs.' A peasant standing by confirmed this popular belief, and added that some Mahomedan travellers on this road had picked a bough, and on return-

ing to their homes had mysteriously perished that very evening.

"Leaving this beautiful spot, we rode on to Megalopolis. As we went, we met an old shepherd with his family. A flock of sheep, three white horses, a jackass laden with little barrels and multitudinous scraps, a pan for boiling milk, a tent, a child, and some fine attendant dogs pacing by his side, completed the picture. He entered into conversation with me, and bewailed the times. 'Ah, poor Turks,' he said, 'where are ye now? then we were happy, then we were Rayahs, now all is tyranny; then we only paid one lepton per head, now we pay a dreary forty-five.' I suspect that he exaggerated the past immunity and the present exaction; yet this lamentation over the vanished dominion of the Mussulman was a curious evidence of the insufficiency of revolution to satisfy the minds that have most desired it.

"Leaving Sinano in the earliest morning, we rode across a plain, uncultivated indeed but beautiful with nature's unsolicited vege-

tation, and glittering with dew. Sometimes we passed between high banks overgrown with ancient oaks, stretching their mighty arms over the paths below, and occasionally impeding our passage: sometimes the scene expanded into plains as yet unscorched by the powerful sun of Greece, rejoicing in the emerald verdure of opening spring, and dotted with magnificent specimens of single trees, of which every one was worthy to secure the attention of a painter: sometimes the green crags towered magnificently above us, vegetation bursting forth from every nook, and not a spot, where tree or shrub, or even flower had room to fix itself, unoccupied,—a scene where the youth of nature seemed fresh as the youth of man, and the mind was possessed with an overwhelming sense of universal beauty. Meanwhile, as our track led us through the deep, over-arching forest, the sun lit up its dewy foliage as if by magic, and the cuckoo's note, so delightful from its associations with the days of our boyhood and the bright time of the year, saluted us con-

tinually. When the Bavarian troops, after their signal defeat in the Maina, returned to Athens, they were so much impressed with some resemblance in these forests to their own German woods, that the dejection which till then had weighed upon their spirits, gave way before the influence of old and exhilarating recollections, and, like reviving men, they seemed to drink in health and courage from the sight of the good green wood.

"The approach to the old town of Leondari, with its fine cypresses and ruined tower, is very striking. I observed that in some parts the trees had been very much burnt. It had been a conflagration deliberately effected* for the purpose of obtaining

* There is scarcely traveller or official report on the present state of Greece that does not repeat this complaint. Great forests have been destroyed at random. Many trees are burnt—in Achaia the fire laid waste more than 20 miles of country—some are drained of their sap for resin; others are undermined according to the caprice or cupidity of the trespasser. The results of this are of course various. In one place a diminution of rain occurs, in another the classic honey of Hymettus is said to have become scarce. Meanwhile, in spite of her vast forests, Greece is obliged to buy more timber than she can sell.—See Sir T. Wyse's Exc. in Peloponnesus, ii. p. 156; Mr. Eliot's

ashes and a good crop; but the ignorance and wastefulness of the Greek peasantry are perhaps nowhere more conspicuous than in this reckless system of clearing or manuring their land. Continuing our journey through a country of wondrous beauty, we here again perceived, at a little distance from our track, a group of singularly grand trees, and conjectured from that circumstance that under their mighty shade was concealed a church. On nearing the spot, we found indeed the ruins of a little Byzantine church. The Greeks told me that some burning fragments of wood had been carried there by the wind, and, to the grief and terror of the peasantry, had communicated the flame to the consecrated grove. The scenery was extremely beautiful: the hawthorn was growing freely; magnificent pines scattered in patches among the deciduous trees, set off with their pointed forms and dark foliage the

Reports of 15 Dec. 1860, and 13 July, 1861; Mr. Rumbold's, of 10 July, 1863; and Mr. R. Lytton's, of 20 Jan. 1865, in the papers printed for Parliament.

rounder shapes and the rich green of spreading oaks; the walnut trees were occasionally large; there were also mulberry trees, though not of a very large growth; and in some places the people had domesticated the wild pear, pruning it, and clearing the ground around it. We rode for miles along the course of the Eurotas, whose wooded banks reminded me of the familiar streams of distant Somersetshire, till leaving the river we wound round the base of a range of hills, and traversing a defile rich with flowering broom, we came in sight of Sparta.

"We rode to the house of the Governor, who was absent, and were immediately transferred to that of the bishop. We were shown into a spacious apartment. Its aspect was dreary, and there was not a vestige of furniture. But at length the good old bishop appeared and greeted me in the most friendly way, sparing no pains to give us a hospitable reception, till the room assumed an altered and more cheerful aspect. The bishop perceiving

me indisposed—and I was very far from well—pressed me to lie down on the divan, and covered me with his furred cloak. Then, a few minutes afterwards, as a high compliment, he brought me his state robes and urged me to put them on and to wear them till I had recovered from the cold, aguish attack under which I was labouring.

* * * I went out. The evening was delightful, the sheep were grazing in the last light of the setting sun, the grass still preserved its verdure and the mulberry trees their vivid green, while in striking contrast the dark cypresses reared their lofty forms over the richly wooded plain. At a little distance was seen the town of Mistra, climbing the hill, and again above this, the castle conspicuous on its airy height; but higher still, and still grander, arose that magnificent chain of mountains, stretching along the horizon like a mighty curtain, and forming the Spartan range. Awful, gloomy, and severe, it is in perfect unison with our ideas of that stern and indomitable race which has left to

after ages a name distinctive of all that is inflexible in the mind of man. We strayed on to the monument popularly known as the tomb of Leonidas, and while examining its huge masses of stone, we observed that a peasant had followed us, and was watching our motions with interest. We asked him whether he knew the name of the monument. 'Yes,' he replied, 'it is the monument of Leonidas.' 'And who was Leonidas?' 'I cannot tell you precisely,' he answered, 'but certainly a very famous man; was he not?' 'He was indeed.' 'A Capitani, surely?' 'Something higher still,' we said. 'Ah,' he replied, brightening up, and with a smile of peculiar intelligence, as if he had just divined our meaning, and as if a chord had been struck to which his mind familiarly responded, 'He was a πρῶτος κλεφτ—a first-rate robber.' We laughed, and continued our way. He might have been nineteen or twenty years of age. He was a man who in the peasant class could only have been seen in Greece, and rarely even there. He

was distinguished not merely by a faultless regularity of feature—a species of beauty confined to no class or country—but by that classical shape of head, by a general grace of form and bearing, by the intellectual forehead and expression of eye that I never yet saw in any other than the Greek peasantry. If this young Greek and those Arcadian peasants, whom I lately met, had found themselves in any society, even in that to which they were least accustomed, they would still have been distinguished by their graceful deportment. Among the Spanish I have seen in former years far more general beauty of feature than among the Greek peasantry. I have beheld and almost marvelled at that dignified bearing which appeared to elevate them above the station to which they were born, and that commanding expression of countenance which seemed to scorn the world, but in those men, proud as their bearing and striking as their features were, I never observed that facile grace of form and that intellectual expression of eye

which seems to designate the peasantry of Greece as the true descendants of that extraordinary people who possessed the largest portion of original genius ever conferred by heaven upon a peculiar and gifted race.

"I made acquaintance with one of five brothers, who had all acquired considerable influence in the field during the war of emancipation; and the one to whom I was now introduced was peculiarly powerful from his combination of considerable practical skill in surgery, with undoubted military talent. Almost every town in Greece is divided into two factions, which persecute each other with undisguised hostility; and it is difficult for any government to conciliate the good will of both, as the adhesion of one party is apt to produce the disaffection of the other. The heads of these factions are often men who have by their individual energy of character raised themselves to this position, for aristocracy is seldom hereditary for many generations, and never assumes a permanent form in

Greece. The bishop and the five brothers to whom I have alluded were adherents of 'the English party:' consequently their opponents espoused the Russian interest. Our friend here at Sparta is lord of a mountain tower, which we should have visited but for the death of his wife, who had just been carried off by a fever of three days' duration. He had been on a journey to Tripolizza, and on returning to his Spartan mansion, found, to his sad surprise, the funeral procession issuing from the gate, and bearing his wife to her last home. In conformity with that strange custom of the country, which proscribes the solitude so dear to us in those days of extreme sorrow which follow the severance of some long cherished tie, the friends of an individual so circumstanced are bound by every law of kindness and hospitality to keep him in a state of constant excitement, and to amuse him by an unceasing succession of guests. There were some who seemed to envy the bishop the honour of entertaining us; but the good old prelate

observed that he could not resign us to others. This feeling indeed is so prevalent that in two or three towns a little contest has occasionally occurred between the rival authorities which it has required some little management to allay, without giving offence to either side.

"I retired to rest that night rather early, but feverish, and in pain. I found myself unable to sleep; with wakefulness came thought, that enemy to rest; and so, to banish all superfluous activity from the mind, I lit my lamp, and taking up Leake's Morea, I, singularly enough with reference to the event of the night, read his account of the lawless state of that strange country the Maina, on the frontier of which we are even now pausing. Sleep at length began to assert her influence, and extinguishing the light I lay down; but my slumbers were unrefreshing, and disturbed by wild and unconnected dreams. I was at length roused by a heavy noise overhead, listened to it for a moment, and then, out-wearied, I was overpowered by that sleep which

had been so slow in visiting me at first. When I again became conscious, I distinctly recollect that. I felt a pressure resting upon me, which was, however, instantly removed, and which I attributed to some vagrant cat. Immediately afterwards, as I was again subsiding to sleep, I heard, or thought I heard, a step, and the sound of whisperings. I was now so completely roused that I rose in my bed. I imagined, even then, that I could distinguish a rustling sound in the corner near me, and was possessed by that indescribable feeling or almost instinct which sometimes takes the place of the physical organs of vision, and assures us even in darkness of the presence of some unwonted object. I was on the point of applying to my phosphorus box, to determine the mystery; but feeling indisposed to any exertion, I listened attentively for a minute or two, and hearing no further sound of a suspicious character, I once more lay down on my pillow, and resigning myself to the influence which was fast

steeping my senses in forgetfulness, I slept again till I was thoroughly roused by a loud noise at the end of the room, by the sound of steps overhead, and of some heavy weight dragged along the floor. I now began to suspect that the room above me was occupied by persons preparing to start upon some early expedition, and I gradually became convinced that the whispering apparently so near me had really proceeded from a neighbouring apartment, for cracks and crevices are common in the walls of Greek houses; and it is not unusual to see from one story household operations carried on in another. But I was now so completely awakened that I lit my lamp, looked at my watch, ascertained that it was scarcely two o'clock, wrote in my journal for a short time, and then again composed myself to rest.

"I slept heavily enough after a night of such frequent disturbance, and the first object that presented itself to my sight was my servant George, standing near me in the morning, with an amusing expression

of astonishment and dismay on his truly English face. He had instantly perceived that my trunk, which was placed in a line with my bed, and only a few steps from it, had been forced open and a good deal of money taken. The events of the night were then explained; the light step in the room was not that of a cat, but of a robber; the whisperings came not from above, but from the room itself, and the pressure which I had felt was that of a hand endeavouring, in the darkness, to find the right, or rather the wrong, path for its intrusive owner. There were still some circumstances to which I could assign no satisfactory explanation; the noises which I could no longer doubt as having arisen from operations near me, and the noises which obviously came from above had been so strangely blended as to have seemed almost simultaneous. A minute investigation of the room dispelled the uncertainty, and revealed the general plan of proceeding. In a recess near the door, and almost concealed from view, was a staircase, for the

construction of which it seemed at first difficult to assign an adequate reason, but which on closer examination led, as I found, to a trap-door in the ceiling, through which I ascended into an uninhabited room. There was in this untenanted apartment a window overlooking an open gallery, which again communicated with the courts and gardens on the ground floor. The shutter of this window had been removed, and the window itself was broken. On reflection, I thought it my duty to mention the circumstance to the bishop, though I felt that its occurrence in his house would annoy him greatly. The bishop was grieved by the intelligence. The Procureur du Roi, who lodged at the palace, was instantly summoned, and vigorous inquiries were instituted. The general course of the investigation satisfied the police that the entry had been made by the window, and they also came to the disagreeable conclusion that persons outside had been associated with and directed by others inside the palace. They examined the apartment of a young Greek, upon

whom suspicion rested, but the examination led to no result. Ultimately my depositions were required, and these I made with caution and reserve, lest I should implicate or cast suspicion upon any innocent person. The police next insisted on examining the muleteers, of whose guiltlessness, however, I felt assured. Poor Elias walked up and down the gallery wringing his hands, and declaring that 'he was a ruined man; sorrow and shame would rest upon his head; would to Heaven that he had never left the walls of Athens! would to Heaven, above all, that he had never encountered that fatal magpie! That bird had blasted his sight at the time. Bad as the whole tribe was, no previous magpie had been half so fraught with baneful influences. It had a look of most malignant meaning. He knew also, by the peculiarly wicked character of its flight, that disaster of the gravest kind was at hand.' The good old bishop was agitated, in a different manner, though scarcely in a less degree. 'That a stranger should have

been plundered when resting under his roof, was a positive calamity; it would be an undying source of shame and sorrow to his kindred, and of exultation to his enemies; no time could efface the stain that would attach to his house.' He should, however, pronounce a solemn and public anathema on the robbers and on all who were party to or in any way cognizant of the act, and this awful sentence of eternal condemnation would, he said, in all human probability lead to the detection of the offenders and the restitution of the money. I was afterwards informed that in cases of robbery, when this appalling interdict had been laid by the Church upon the unknown criminals, the stolen goods were not unfrequently restored * by the awe-struck depredators with a confession of their guilt, and with the humblest supplications that at any price or sacrifice the Church's

* This is perfectly correct. For a full description of such an excommunication, pronounced in a similar case by a Moreote bishop upon a robber who had stolen the property of a French traveller, see *Expédition Scientifique de la Morée*, par M. Bory de Saint-Vincent. Vol. i. 201.

wrath might in mercy to their stricken souls be removed. But the power of the Church over the minds of men is slowly but certainly declining in Greece.

"I was really embarrassed and affected by the quiet affliction of the old bishop, and I almost regretted that I had communicated the circumstance to him. He wished me a very mournful farewell after giving me an embrace in regular Greek form. I had little notion when he said that such a circumstance would be used as a handle against him by his enemies, that any human being could seriously impute to him a share of blame in the transaction; yet so strong is party rancour, that on our arrival at Mistra a few hours later, a resident of the town when questioning us of the event, the fame of which was already widely spread through the country, said, 'Ah! the bishop is a Mainote.'"

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE MAINA.

So far, though sometimes not altogether without difficulty, I have traced this journey through the Morea to the frontiers of the Maina, a district all but unknown to modern travellers, scarcely more frequented by Greeks themselves, and almost as wild in the days of ancient Sparta as it has been in more modern times; and here, where the interest of these Journals would have naturally been greatest, and where I could have wished that the story should be told with as few additions or explanations from me as possible, I find my materials unfortunately less available and more fragmentary than in the earlier portions of the narrative. Such, however, as they are, I propose, in the present chapter, to use and connect them as best I may, in order to

present a picture of what, in feeling and society, this remarkable part of Greece was in 1839.

It may, in the first place, be observed, that, geographically, the Maina comprehends one southern and two northern divisions, between which the gifts of nature have been partitioned with a somewhat unequal hand. The northern districts * have enjoyed a considerable share of fertility, trade, and comparative civilisation; but the southern province, which, forming the extreme portion of the Morea, is traversed from one end to the other by the mountain range of the Taygetus and terminates in the bold promontory of Matapan, claims an almost exclusive monopoly of that charm which the romance of a rugged country, a doubtful history, and an ominous name † can give. It has been often matter of controversy whether the race that inhabits these wild mountains are, as they them-

* Finlay, *Hist. of Greece under Ottoman and Venetian Domination*, p. 134.

† Kaka-vulia, or Kakaboulia—the land of evil counsel.—*Leake's Morea*, i. 260.

selves tenaciously maintain, the descendants of the ancient Spartans. I am afraid that the claim is, at least, a very doubtful one. Mr. Finlay assigns their origin not to the Spartans, but either to the Periœci, whatever the Periœci really were, or to the slaves of the Spartans—those Helots who, after the extinction of Sparta, became freemen, and usurped with the patrimony the name of their early masters. Again, how far the boast uttered by them, and repeated by more than one European traveller of an independence of all foreign control or dominion, is strictly consistent with fact, is a question open to dispute. It is indeed certain, that Macedonians, Romans, Byzantine emperors, Franks, Venetians, and Turks, in turn received the allegiance of the Mainote mountaineers; but how far this was more than a merely nominal allegiance may well be argued. During the successive storms of mediæval invasion which broke over the Morea and desolated her fields, this hardy race, retreating to their fortresses, maintained in

every age and circumstance the rights and liberties of a self-governed people. The population was poor, the soil was sterile, the plains were few, the mountains were many and difficult. The Turks destroyed their towns on the sea coast, but the destruction only quickened their piratical instincts: a pasha of unusual vigour might, perhaps, penetrate into their mountainous district, but he never obtained any real footing; and whilst Austria trembled in her capital and the western-most lands of Europe viewed with apprehension the advancing power of the Sultan, a nominal tribute of 1000*l.* was obtained from the hardy mountaineers who were living within easy reach of the Porte. And so, if they were not actually independent of any of the races who successively ruled Greece, the Mainotes, as Mr. Finlay observes, made themselves at least of sufficient importance to obtain from all these races favourable terms, and the rights of self-government, if their strange mixture of feudalism and anarchy deserves the name

of government. They accepted at the hands of the Porte one of their own native chiefs, who ruled much after the fashion of some of the early princes of feudal Europe, not with the restricted powers of a balanced constitution, but as the leading noble of a warlike aristocracy. The state of society was in effect eminently feudal in all its bearings. The chiefs of the country lived in their castles, surrounded by their vassals and partisans, claiming and exercising the right of waging private war against each other. And yet, rude as the state was, it evoked some fine qualities. The habits of ceaseless warfare maintained their courage and simplicity of life, whilst feudalism, largely aided by the natural subdivisions of the country, confirmed, if it did not inspire, a spirit of individuality and independence. Thus the Maina seemed alone to be exempted from the operation of the general laws which were gradually reducing the other countries of the West to uniformity. Time, the worker of all great changes, there stood still. In other parts

of Europe the habits of the feudal age one by one disappeared; but to the close of the Greek Revolution the Maina remained unaltered by the lapse of centuries and the movement of modern thought.

It is not unusual for a speaker to observe with reference to particular states or times that there is neither law nor government when he only means to intimate that the administration of the day is powerless, and that justice is overborne by the accidents of the particular time, or that its provisions, at least, are dealt out with uncertainty. But the Maina, down to the close of the Greek Revolution, presented the remarkable spectacle of a country where law, as law, was unknown. The right of the strongest, tempered by the observance of certain chivalrous customs, growing out of their warlike habits, and respected for the sake of general convenience, was the only acknowledged law in the Maina. The great rule, "Thou shalt not kill," issued to man in the origin of his race and confirmed by the legislation of

every time and country, had scarcely here an existence. It is, perhaps, hardly in excess of fact to say that murder was the organised and formulated expression of the national life. But although the murderer had no cause of apprehension from the arm of the law, he enjoyed a very qualified impunity. The vengeance of the injured family was not only wreaked upon him, but was extended through a long course of years to every kinsman of the hated race down to the last link in the long chain of successive generations. The only occupation considered worthy of a man was that of taking his brother's life, and such was the general distrust engendered by this strange state of society, that men were only safe when shut up—sometimes for many years together—within fortified towers, of which one of their principal towns was but an agglomeration.

Yet in this condition of affairs, when every man's hand was against his neighbour, and when society must have been utterly paralysed for every good and useful

purpose of public and even of private life, there was, strange to say, in the Mainote microcosm an element of strength which enabled them to combine against foreign aggression, to maintain the limits of their barren but beloved country, and to secure fair terms from their Mahomedan master even in the height of his power. Uniting qualities at first sight perhaps opposed, joining an unbounded patriotism to an utter contempt for that security of person and property in which more civilised countries find at once their greatest strength and their greatest weakness, ready to pour forth their blood like water to preserve their national individuality, they presented a picture of engrossing interest to the writer of these Journals, whose early life had been coloured by unusually romantic incidents, and in whom the more tranquil course of English duties and domestic occupations had never extinguished the love of wild travel and adventure. "When a regular government," he observes, in one part of these MSS., "was first established in

Greece at the close of the great struggle against the Turks, the Maina was not exempted from the operation of general laws; but their promulgation was little heeded by those hardy mountaineers, and when the central authority attempted to enforce them, it was met by a spirit of resistance before which the dogged and unelastic temper of the Bavarians quailed. The Regency, naturally solicitous to terminate a system of domestic hostilities utterly incompatible with the requirements of a settled government, but too stupid to effect their object by the only means which offered a prospect of success, incensed the pride of the chiefs by requiring them not only to abstain from those predatory wars in which they had indulged for centuries, but to throw down their battlements as a mark of subjection to the Crown, and as a guarantee for the future preservation of peace;—to this insulting proposal the chiefs gave the reply which could be anticipated from a people who had never yet tolerated any interference with their

internal regulations. Animated by one simultaneous feeling, the Mainotes sprang to arms. To enforce compliance, a large force was sent into the Maina by the Government. It soon met with a severe reverse, and was obliged to capitulate under circumstances of some discredit—the majority of the soldiers owing their lives only to the contempt of their enemies, who sold them, naked and shivering, in the public market at the low price of twopence a-head. From this degrading position they, or many of them, were released by some friends of the Government, who bought them back at the cost of an additional penny a-piece, to the great dishonour of the recently-established Court, and amidst the jeers of a people who despised them too heartily to be much incensed. Yet those Bavarian soldiers, so sacrificed, were brave men placed in a ridiculous position by an incapable minister.

"Since that catastrophe the Government, led to adopt a more prudent policy by

their fears rather than their judgment, abandoned all intention of subjugating the Maina by force, and whilst they endeavoured to conciliate the chiefs by appointing them to official posts, or under-mined their influence by removing them from the natural sphere of their authority, they proclaimed to the people an absolute immunity from the taxation which was prescribed for other parts of Greece, but which they did not dare to impose on the Maina. By such means the Government, no doubt, gradually paved the way for the extinction of the civil feuds of the Maina, and the establishment of their authority in that remote part of the kingdom. Still calm and tempest succeeded each other in frequent alternation, and every now and then there arrived at Athens the unwelcome intelligence that in consequence of some collision with the King's officers on the frontier, the Mainotes had burst from their mountains and were plundering the towns of the plain below. I believe there was not a name in Greece

so hateful to official ears as that of the Maina; there was not a recollection so distasteful to official pride as that of the memorable sale of the King's troops."

It was not unnatural that it should be so; for the Mainote system was not only at variance with the first principles of settled government, but, with the exception of the Corsican vendetta, which though less in degree was analogous in kind, and was suppressed by the French Government only within very recent times, it was one of the most extraordinary that ever existed in any age or country. A Mainote noble, if he did not inherit, would build himself a tower—sometimes, it might be, with the money which he had amassed by hard toil beyond the limits of his own country. When once the tower was built, his relatives flocked to him, and erected their own dwellings under the shelter of his castle. These were his kindred, and bore his name. But others also trooped in, unconnected with him by family ties, and these became his vassals,

and gave him their allegiance in return for his protection. Thus the whole clan was consolidated and bound as one family to support the lord in all his feuds, without regard to the justice or injustice of the quarrel; and an insult or wrong offered to any member of that clan, entailed on the wrong-doer a common feud. Jealousy, a quarrel upon some delicate point of honour, a supposed slight offered to a woman, the carrying off a betrothed, were frequent and deadly causes of animosity. In one instance, some malicious women, anxious to promote strife, under the cover of night, seem to have knocked at the doors of certain houses, calling each other by the names of young men, so as to give the notion of an improper familiarity with the daughters of the house, and thus kindled a long-enduring feud.

But when once the feud was declared, the mode of its prosecution was as ruthless as it was characteristic of this strange people. The hostile families rarely engaged in open combat. It was a long trial

of patience and skill, to determine which of the two parties should exterminate the other. Going forth singly or in pairs, they hid themselves among bushes or behind walls, and, patient of hunger, thirst, and weather, they lay in wait for days together to shoot any member of the rival clan who might pass by. Their towers, some of which were of great strength, were guarded night and day by two men, who paced the battlements, both to prevent a surprise, and to destroy any enemy who might walk within musket shot. Women and girls, indeed, they were content to spare, but boys of more than eight years old were doomed, as at that age they were considered capable of bearing arms.

To such an extent did this prevail, that men, when deeply involved in these family feuds, retired to the shelter of their castles, and for years never ventured forth, except when perhaps at night and by stealth they went out to murder an enemy, or to undermine his tower.* Men have been born

* A singular, and at first sight most unlikely, mode of attack

and married, have lived for twenty or thirty years, and in some cases have even spent their whole lives within the enclosure of those gloomy walls. "I was informed," it is said in one part of these Journals, "of one man who was born in his tower, and lived to the age of seventy without daring to quit it. When questioning a man at Cape Matapan, on some point of local interest, which could not have escaped the notice of any one of common observation, I was surprised by his asking me in reply how he should know anything of the country, when almost all his life he had been shut up in a tower?" So again: "A fine young Mainote, of good family, once regretted to me, that he was unfit for everything but fighting. 'I am,' he said, 'not twenty-seven, and for more than twenty years of my life I was shut up in a tower; never leaving it but a very few times in the dead of night, for the purpose of stealing along the ground

was sometimes adopted, by scooping away the mortar, removing the large stones of the external wall, and so effecting an entrance. Towers have been captured by this form of assault.

and shooting an enemy.' He had been speaking of the success of some friends or acquaintances in certain agricultural and commercial undertakings out of the Maina, where he had become painfully sensible of his own deficiencies."

During the continuance of these feuds, which, with the intervals of an occasional truce, often endured for generations, the women were allowed to go free and unmolested, to carry on their domestic avocations, to cultivate the ground, though at times the hostile party would come down upon the fields and carry off the harvest, and even to convey food to their husbands, who were shut up in their towers. Nor was the part which they took in these merciless quarrels always of this neutral character. They would sometimes walk in front, and their husbands would skulk behind them, until the men, unseen themselves, came within gunshot of their enemy, and levelled their deadly aim.

And yet this detestable system of war was not only accompanied by extraordinary

patience and courage, worthy of a better cause, but it was redeemed by some great though rude virtues. The Mainote never attacked a woman. In the fiercest wars, no shot from tower or ambuscade seems to have been directed against her. Even when she served as a screen to her husband, the assailed party is said never to have returned the fire upon her. Nor less sacred was the virtue of hospitality. Poor themselves, and barely deriving a subsistence from their rugged soil, they would accept any privation or make any sacrifice for the humblest stranger who might claim their assistance. "Any stranger," says the writer of these Journals, "who places himself upon a bench in the church, which is understood to indicate that he is friendless, is immediately received by some chief, and tended with every care during his stay in the country; and any one who should dare to inflict wrong or insult upon him while enjoying such protection, would call down upon himself the full vengeance of the clan." I have found in these MSS. the

story of a stranger travelling in the Maina, and lodging at the house of a poor Mainote, who, having nothing to give him, with all the unselfishness of the poor man in the scriptural parable, and all the chivalry of the lover in Boccaccio's inimitable story of the falcon, sacrificed for his guest's supper his mule—the one thing on which he depended for his own daily sustenance and support. It is impossible to conceive the higher exercise of a virtue, which has now little more than a conventional existence in many civilized countries.

But if their virtues were great, their vices were equally great. "Human life"—I resume my quotation—"is with them of no account, and the murder of an enemy, slain in what we consider the foulest manner, occasions not a moment's remorse. Yet they are scrupulous according to their notions of right and wrong. A breach of hospitality is a deadly sin; a violation of chastity is a lasting dishonour, and an offence for which no punishment is too great; for truth they have frequently a

severe respect, and on points of religious form they are extremely punctilious. I was eating some fowl in one of their rude dwellings on a Friday. 'I would not do that for all that the world could give me,' said a young Mainote chief, who had been much with me, and whose hands were red with a hundred murders. 'But,' observed my muleteer, with the freedom so common in these countries, 'you would think nothing of killing a man.' 'Oh, no,' replied my Mainote friend, 'but eating meat on a Friday is a crime.'"

The legends of that wild country were coloured by the usages of this ruthless warfare. Thus there are fantastic tales in which the ghost appears to the murderer, not as in our colder latitudes to upbraid, reproach, and drive to madness by means of an accusing conscience, but to stimulate to fresh acts of vengeance. "Why should we care for the ghost of an enemy?" said, on one occasion, a Mainote soldier, and in this expression spoke the true spirit of the Maina. Even religion was sometimes made

to lend its countenance to these merciless acts; and the popular superstitions, more powerful than religion itself, came in to consecrate the practice of their daily warfare. If, in the voice of any friend, a moaning or melancholy sound were detected, it was held to be the sign of his approaching death. Yet not always necessarily so. The omen might be averted if three women were to work for him a scarf or shirt with the sign of the Holy Cross upon it; but the workers must all be virgins of the name of Mary, the work must be completed in a single day, and that day one on which mass was said by a priest. Again, these superstitions admitted of fine distinctions. If, in the prosecution of his stealthy warfare, a man heard a moaning sound in front of him, it augured success; but if the sound came from behind, it was of evil presage, and he who heard it should instantly return. So, too, if two men went out together upon a common expedition, and one of them could not hear the tread of his enemy, whilst the

other heard it, he was from that moment a lost man. "One night," says the writer of these Journals, "my Mainote friend told me how, when lying in ambush, he heard overhead a heavenly sound of cymbals. He accepted the sound as a favourable omen; immediately his enemy passed, and he laid him low. The shoes that men wore on these midnight expeditions were made of pig-skin, to enable their wearers to tread lightly; for a practised ear could distinguish the step of an enemy, sometimes half a mile off. A man who was not at feud stepped boldly; but one who was at enmity with his neighbour, had a light and comparatively uncertain tread. 'The Bavarian officers,' said my Mainote companion, 'complained of our tread when we were first drilled, it was so light and little assured; but it was the tread which necessity had taught us, and it was not easy to unlearn.'"

Colonel Leake has described the part which priests occasionally took at the head of their flocks in the destruction of some

neighbouring tower or village, and he hints at the material, though rude, inducements which they may have had to lend their sanction to these acts of civil war. But their connivance must have been very infrequent; as may be inferred from the following passage in these Journals. "I asked whether the priests had had no influence in preventing these feuds. My Mainote friend observed that they would have been in danger had they interfered, but that they pursued a prudent course in saying that they had nothing to do with points of honour."

That the influence, however, of the clergy should, on such questions, be so small, is perhaps due as much to the stationary and unelastic character of the Greek Church as to the particular circumstances of the Maina. The difference of attitude and action on the part of the Latin Church, during some of the rudest periods of the Middle Ages, might be curiously contrasted with the conduct of the Mainote clergy in this respect; but

such as the Greek Church became on the extinction of Paganism, such, or nearly such, she seems to be now. Her missionary work has been narrow, her moral influence and control at home small; and though she has preserved a rigid continuity of doctrinal form, the principle of an ever expanding and all-absorbing vitality has been wanting. In great cities her prelates have too frequently been the slaves of wealth and power, of courtly intrigue and political faction; in the desert her monks have become dreamy and unpractical anchorites. No lands reclaimed, no centres of agriculture and civilization created, no literature preserved, no schools founded, no human beings raised to a higher sphere of social action and duty—are to be set down to the account of the Greek Church. She is a fragment of old Byzantine civilization, as rigid and angular as the mosaics that still adorn and seem to frown down from the walls of her churches. This is not said, indeed, in reproach of the Greek

Church. If this were the place for estimating her real position and character, virtues as well as defects must be attributed to her; and the time may come—perhaps is nearer than many suppose—when she may play a greater part in the Christian Church. But there is little reason for wonder that, being such, she should have exercised only a doubtful influence over the passions and feuds of a restless and half-civilized race, and that she should in her temporalities have undergone the final fate of so many other European Churches that have been unequal to their duties. Her bishoprics have been reduced, her property largely confiscated, many of her monasteries suppressed;* and if the ruin was not more complete, it was probably owing to the strongly national character with which she was impressed, and which, through all her many changes of fortune, she never lost. But though the clergy were poor and unlettered men, even in some cases, it is said,

* Sir T. Wyse, Excurs. in the Pelop. ii. p. 228.

to the extent of being unable to read, and incapable of impressing the higher truths of spiritual teaching on their flocks, the forms and scruples of religion were strong in the minds of the people. Images were to be seen by every roadside; lights were kept burning in deserted chapels, no peasant but crossed himself when passing a church, and most Greeks observed the stated fasts with a severity unknown to the members of the Latin communion. This was to be seen in all parts of Greece, but in none more than in the Morea; and through these Journals I find constant allusion to it.

But there were also times when religious forms and the sanctity of the Church and her representatives were swept aside by the passions of civil warfare, and failed to throw a shield over the victim of feudal enmity. A relative of the Bishop of Sparta was thus slain in open day, in the midst of a wedding procession, by one of those wild Mainote chiefs of whom the writer of these Journals saw much. For hours,

and even days, the murderer lay in watch, insensible to hunger, thirst, fatigue, or change of temperature, wearing, as he graphically described it, the same clothes summer and winter, because his burning passions allowed him to feel no difference of the varying season. But that murder begot a feud, and the feud engendered many other murders, and when the author of it was asked for how many he was personally responsible, he only replied that it would not be honourable or fitting in him to say; so little did he feel that the title of assassin was one of censure rather than of praise. How savagely picturesque was the scene when the fatal shot was fired, and the dance and the wedding procession were broken off, and the women set up the wild death dirge, I gather from the brief and fragmentary allusions to it scattered throughout these MSS.; but the effect of the tale was doubtless enhanced in the mind of the writer by the dark countenance of the Mainote, as in his national dress he told the stories of his past guilt,

the room darkening and the low doorway showing the last light of day fading on the square feudal tower and the stern scenery of Cape Matapan.

In so rude a society theorists might perhaps please themselves by endeavouring to trace the growth of a new class of moral instincts, and the formation of a new standard by which the vices as well as the virtues of ordinary life might be measured; if, indeed, vices and virtues were not sometimes actually inverted in popular estimation. When, for instance, a chief was asked, in reference to a case which had recently arisen, whether according to clan law a parent ought to espouse his son's part in an unjust quarrel, he at once replied, "Not in a case of robbery. If my son were in a foray to take away a man's cattle unjustly, I should desire him to make reparation; but if he were to slay a man unjustly I should espouse his quarrel." By this ingenious code of ethics, he made the greater offence condone and justify the lesser. Nor were these feelings

confined to any one class of the population. All shared them alike. Even the Mainote soldiers in the King's service seem to have spoken without reluctance of the murders that they had committed. One young soldier in particular, who formed a part of the escort, when speaking of a family hostile to his own, once said, "If ever I meet any man of that race where only God and I know of it, I will most surely slay and spoil him."

Mixed with these instincts and traditions of feudal warfare were strange and fantastic superstitions, such as are sometimes to be found in a wild and partially-civilized people. The water of the Maina, detestable and half-poisonous from the impure cisterns in which it was collected, was yet in the fond fancy of its people invested with wholesome and almost healing properties; just as its soil was supposed to reproduce in those who smelt it the feelings and habits which they had put aside when they left their native land. The trees that grew round a church, even

though in ruins, shared in the sanctity that popular belief still attached to the building, and the hardiest peasant would have recoiled in dismay from the idea of plucking a single bough. And not without reason, for punishment, though of a gross and material kind, followed close upon the violation of holy ground. Two peasants were engaged to run a match, and one of them vowed to the Virgin the gift of an omelet if he succeeded. He was successful, and laid his savoury offering before the shrine, but a sailor passing by saw and eat it. But scarcely had the act of profanation been accomplished, when the sacrilegious wretch grew so large that he could no longer pass out through the door by which he had entered. He gave a drachma, but it was all in vain—another, it was equally vain—a third at length sufficed; but he voted his omelet dear.

Nor was the punishment confined to this life. Even in his grave the miscreant might not hope to escape the curses which public indignation would invoke. The

road-side was sometimes marked by a huge heap of stones piled up in execration of some unhappy wretch who, though long departed, had incurred popular resentment. Each passer-by, ignorant as he often might be of the offender's name, or even of the nature of the offence, would throw a stone and increase the pile, in the belief and hope that the heavier it grew, the more surely and swiftly would the sinner's soul be weighed down to Hell.

The wilder too was the country, the more fantastic were the notions of the people; nor was there a mile of that journey which was not apparently marked by some grotesque story or superstition. Sometimes the pass was haunted with demons; sometimes unearthly music might be heard along the midnight breeze, or through the sighing of the forest; sometimes the most ludicrous interpretation was placed upon the commonest incident of the day's march. On one occasion the writer of these Journals picked up a fresh egg which had apparently been dropped by

accident on the road side, and offered it to one of the soldiers of his escort. The man at first received it gratefully, then rejected it with horror, declaring that he would not touch it for millions, as it was undoubtedly bewitched by some old hag who had placed it there to ensnare the unwary traveller, and, should he eat it, to compel him to marry her.

But nowhere did the belief in witchcraft assume a darker and more awful character than in the superstitions once so common of the Vampire, who was supposed to rise from his grave at night to suck the blood of the living, and, when satiated with his unholy banquet, to return to his tomb with the earliest dawn of day. Greece and, I believe, Hungary may claim the honour of retaining this superstition when other nations of Europe had abandoned it. The Greek clergy even appealed to the fresh and undecomposed features of the supposed vampire in proof of the mystic and effective powers of excommunication which they claimed to exercise; and

Tournefort,* who travelled through the Archipelago about the beginning of the last century, describes the solemn act of unburying, impaling, and burning the body of one of these supposed monsters in the island of Mycone. I extract from the MSS. before me the following story of a Mainote vampire.

" Passing by a dreary and half-deserted village, I was shown a house to which another wild legend attached, and which was said to have been once inhabited by a shoemaker's widow. Her husband, however, though dead, had not entirely departed; for, being a vampire, he used a vampire's privilege, and bursting the bondage of the tomb, returned every night except on the Saturday to his old abode, and sometimes even worked at his old trade. At length the woman became pregnant. The villagers taxed her with infidelity to her husband's memory, and she in her own defence maintained that she was on the point of giving birth to no unlawful issue.

* Voyage in the Levant, i. 142.

At this horrifying disclosure the villagers sallied forth to attack the Vampire in his tomb, undertaking the enterprise on a Saturday morning, on which day alone the Vampire's devil-imparted strength forsakes him, and the grave has power to hold his body. They found him working in his grave, making shoes. 'How did you know that I was a Vampire?' exclaimed the still living tenant of the tomb. A villager, in answer, pointed to a youth whose cheek a month before had been bright with health, but on which the ghastly paleness of disease and coming death had fixed its mark. The Vampire immediately spat at him. The moisture from those accursed lips burnt the man's capote as though it had been fire, but it could not hurt the man himself, because it was the blessed Saturday. Maddened by the failure of his attempt, the Vampire imprudently cried, 'Though I am nerveless now, yet you shall taste my vengeance to the full on every night save this alone.' On hearing this alarming threat the neighbours fell upon

him, tore him to pieces, and cut out his heart, dividing it into portions, and distributing the several parts among the villagers, commanding each one to eat his allotted fragment—'and this,' my narrator observed, 'is the only real specific against vampires; and since that event,' he added, 'no vampire had ever molested the village again, though for two months before persons had been perishing daily under their fatal influence.' The Vampire was supposed to suck the blood of his victim, and during the still hours of night to dry up the springs of life. Every case of gradual decline was attributed to the unseen but malignant agency of this terrific creature of the imagination; the man worn out by real physical disease was startled from his unrefreshing sleep, fancying that he heard the heavy flap of the monster's wing, and, convinced in the growing weakness of his sinking frame, that he could count the precious drops of blood of which he had that night been drained."

The external and the most characteristic

illustration of the life just described was probably to be found in the feudal towers which it was the object of every Mainote chief to inherit or to acquire, and which at certain periods of Turkish rule it was equally the object of every Turkish governor to destroy. There was, indeed, a time when the larger and more important of these castles, commanding some headland or cove in the sea-worn line of those rocky coasts, enabled their owners to combine the excitement of civil feuds by land with the more profitable occupation of piracy by sea. It was in part a return to the sea-faring life of their classical ancestors, in part a repayment to others of the sufferings that they themselves had undergone. Plundered and ravaged in still earlier times by almost every nation of Europe, by Venetians as heretics, by Mahomedans as Christians, and by Spaniards, Italians, and every maritime nation as a fair prey, the Greek population of the coast had at least the excuse of retaliation when they indemnified themselves for the deficiencies of their

barren mountains, or reaped with their gallies such a harvest off those historical seas as made them insecure for more than one generation.* But, inland, their towers were amongst the most striking features of the country. Rising alternately out of the desolation of the surrounding hills, and the green cactus or fig trees of the villages, the towers in 1839 were the chief landmarks of the traveller; and each one of them had its own tale of feudal warfare. Some were even then in ruins, and some were in process of conversion to the more peaceful purposes of a dwelling-house; but the greater number retained unaltered their old character. Some few had been built in a circular form, from a notion that that shape most easily repelled the impact of shot, but the great majority consisted of a square tower pierced with many slits and very few windows, accessible by low and narrow doorways, and—not unlike in the principle of their con-

* Finlay's Greece under Ottoman and Venetian Domination, chap. ii.

struction to the Scotch border towers—containing three stories, which were connected with each other by flights of steep and narrow steps, where one man might with comparative ease hold many at bay. As a rule, the tower was not the place of ordinary abode: it was rather that of refuge in time of peril: but it was often connected by one or more courts with a lower range of buildings, which served all the purposes of a dwelling house. Sometimes, indeed, these courts were built so high and so narrow as to enable the owner, in time of war, to creep from his tower to his dwelling house, without exposure to the fire of his enemies from other towers which rose in the immediate neighbourhood: and almost always the dwelling house, though inferior to the tower in means of defence, was so laid out with high walls, narrow windows, winding approaches, steep stairs, and low doors, as to render a surprise difficult and dangerous. The external appearance of one of the Mainote towns, with its multitude of rival towers, must

have been a very rude counterpart of some of the Italian cities of the middle ages.

Of these, perhaps, Kita, "the city of towers," was the most striking to a traveller. Its inhabitants were divided into the factions of an upper and a lower town, sometimes at feud with each other, sometimes at feud amongst themselves. For 30 years previously to 1839, the best blood of Kita had been drained in a deadly and embittered strife which arose out of an imaginary insult to a young girl whose scarf was held too long by her partner in the dance of some village festival. For 30 years the two factions exterminated each other; murder was not disguised, it was the avowed profession of every clansman and the recognised mode of warfare; death was atoned for by death even to the third and fourth generation, and men continually and systematically shot down men with whom they had never exchanged a word, only because they were hereditary enemies. Happily, there were intervals to this ruthless system, in which a breathing space was

allowed. Sometimes, through the intervention of a third party, a truce was agreed to: the rival factions then exchanged knives, and the mediators immediately became the enemies of those who might violate the armistice. Occasionally, on the natural expiry of the truce, an attempt was made to appease the feud, but rarely with success. It was generally closed by the extirpation of one family, or their flight by night.

When the writer of these Journals passed through Kita a considerable change had already taken place, and these feuds were in abeyance, if not absolutely suppressed. But the recollection of them was still fresh, and was illustrated by a characteristic incident. "The evening was closing in as we entered Kita, but the leader of our escort did not come out to meet us. Elias said that he was probably afraid of passing at so late an hour through a part of the town inhabited by families with whom he had once been at enmity. Whilst we paused in the street, and our mules were being unladen, Elias observed that no lights were

burnt in Kita, 'because, if I were an enemy,' he said, 'I should know where to direct my shot,' and suiting the action to the word, he carelessly pointed his gun towards a window. Immediately the heavy shutter was closed with a loud noise."

Such were the inhabitants of this wild country, and there is perhaps little cause for wonder if in the fantastic superstitions of the Maina many of the qualities that they possessed were popularly attributed to some supernatural influence of their own rugged land, and that even those who desired to put the most favourable construction upon Mainote habits, and to extenuate their evil disposition, sometimes declared that it was to be referred to the badness of the soil, and not to the natural temperament of its people. A Smyrniote merchant, it is said, who had two Mainote servants that, contrary to all expectation, served him well, resolved to test the truth of the tradition; and having sent for some Maina soil, placed it under their beds, and from a place of concealment listened to

their conversation. Nor had he long to wait, for they soon arranged to murder their master and to plunder his property, and he then knew that the cause of Mainote wickedness was the badness of the Maina soil. But the Mainotes themselves had all the passionate love for their own country that belongs to free mountaineers. They dreaded to leave the Maina, fancying that the water of the plains was fatal to them; and the story is told of a Mainote, who, though prospering in a foreign country, sent for a little earth from his beloved Maina, and was so affected by the smell that he at once returned to his native hills. All, or nearly all, this state of feeling and things has passed away. It was rapidly passing in 1839, though the old system could not be said to have absolutely expired, and the recollections of it were fresh in men's minds and mouths. Thus, at Tzimova, I find the following entry: "My host showed me my room in the tower. On pointing to a small window he said, 'There are shutters; but you are safe; they will not shoot you.' I

could not help observing that but for the bloodshed I should like to have seen one of the many fights which had taken place here a short time since. 'Oh,' he said, 'a word would in a moment bring it back again,' meaning that the feeling and spirit were still the same as in former years."

So too at the little town of Vathia, a boy of twelve or thirteen years old had struck a playmate; the father had retaliated; a feud had actually been revived, and as the writer of these Journals passed through the place the elders were holding a conference to determine whether they should resort to the ancient practice of an exterminating war, or bend to the new system and carry the matter for settlement before the regular tribunals. "If," said one of the counsellors, who deprecated such a degenerate change of procedure, much in the spirit of an English or Scotch borderer, "if they carry up the question to such places as these new law courts, instead of settling it in the old way of their fathers, there will be no end to such matters."

It was the transitional character of the time that gave additional interest to the country and the state of society; but though the former possessors of power had either been deprived of their jurisdiction, or, like Petro Bey Mavromichale, had been induced to exchange their position of vast local influence for a place or an official title in Athens, many traces of that influence remained and were to be seen in these more distant parts of the Morea. Many even, in their disgust at the new civilization which had promised so much and done so little, which had destroyed political and feudal power, and which had given no compensation in the form of material prosperity for what it had taken away, were tempted to regret the days of Turkish rule, when a rude autonomy prevailed. The Governor of Karytena still wore his Turkish dress of honour; Petro Bey's brother, the head and representative of that powerful family, showed with pride the Turkish sword that he had once worn and the scarlet robes that the

Sultan had given him, and complained that they were now put aside, and that "everything had become Frank." "The time was," he said, "when he and his family had raised the Maina against the Turks; but they had done wrong. They were then at least independent; and alluding with bitterness to the days when he had marched to Kita and silenced those terrific feuds, he said that though a colonel in the King's service, he could not now go to Athens without obtaining official leave."

Feelings like these are probably inseparable from a period of national transition, and from the measures which such a period renders necessary. Revolutions, even when successfully accomplished, rarely present the spectacle of a contented people. The defects of the old system have become distant, the discomforts of the new order of things are very present; many real claims cannot be satisfied, many fictitious claims must be put aside; with new wants that have arisen, new men have come to the front, and a government that is strong,

able, and honest, will find that its task in such circumstances is no easy one. But when, on the contrary, the government is stupid and inelastic, incapable of appreciating the character of the people or the necessities of the time, timid, imbecile, and honeycombed with favouritism, even measures which may be right in themselves, will be carried out in a wrong manner, and there will be a general sense of discontent in the community. Such was certainly the case in Greece at this time. The Regency had closed its inglorious and unpopular career; the accession of the young king had effected no real or beneficial change of administration; petty acts of impolicy and small local blunders—none of them individually perhaps of great moment, but collectively embittering the public mind—seem to have occurred. At Nauplia, for instance, a marble lion, in honour of the Bavarians who came to Greece, was in course of erection, partly by the government, partly by private subscription: but the subscription was almost, if not en-

tirely, confined to Bavarians, and the erection of such a monument was little in harmony with the popular temper. So at Karytena, the once fine castle of Colocotroni—who, robber chief as he was, so commanded the affections of the surrounding country, that he is said to have defied the power of Capo d'Istria, and to have extorted from him a sanction of his local authority—had been, by the orders of the government, dismantled and defaced in such a way as deeply to offend the people, who regarded the act as an insult, not less to "the old man," as Colocotroni was popularly called, than to themselves.

It is true that such sentiments might not be enduring, and might even soon give place to other feelings; but they converted the patriotic aspirations of the great national struggle into a sense of personal or local irritation, and they aggravated the natural difficulties with which the new system of administration had to contend, in taking root in a soil which of itself was far from congenial. A considerable part of

the present misrule of the Morea may not unreasonably be attributed to the conduct of the Greek government about this time. But however this may be, I now revert to such extracts from the MSS. as seem to me descriptive of the country or the people.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE MAINA.

"As we left Sparta for Mistra the thunder rolled amongst its ancient hills. The ground was wild and beautiful, with rock and mulberry tree, and Mistra seemed yet lovely in its ruins. Those minarets on which Gell expatiates with so much taste, and the cypresses of which he speaks, are gone; but the citadel on the hill, the shattered and desolate towers of the Turks, the abandoned churches with their relics of Byzantine architecture, where the moss-rose bloomed luxuriantly over the ruined walls, formed no unpleasing picture. The Demark's brother, who was with me, asked, as he rode along, questions of almost every peasant, as to the existence and intentions of a band of suspected robbers, who had lately had an encounter with some gendarmes,

and who, as he affirmed, were desperate, because, if taken, they could expect no mercy. 'For himself,' he said, 'he scarcely ventured to walk beyond Mistra, for fear of them.' We followed the course of a wild and broken torrent, over which a part only of the old Turkish bridge remains. The rest was washed away when the river was in flood. In Turkish times the stream was bordered by magnificent plane trees, under which the provincial magnates were used to recline, and to smoke their pipes; but these have disappeared. Scarcely anything has survived the storm of the Revolution. During the war, when the troops were in the neighbourhood, the trees were felled for fuel, and when peace came they were cut down to rebuild the houses. Another generation may perhaps see a better order of things: for the present everything is destroyed, and nothing has arisen to replace the loss: that which was picturesque in the ancient state is gone, that which is pleasing and symmetrical in modern civilization has not yet grown

up. I was, however, glad to hear that the Greeks in this part of the country are fond of cypresses, and are replanting them.

"As we left Mistra for Marathonisi, and rode along the foot of the Taygetus range, the bold hills were finely drawn against the clear blue sky; the olive woods opened on every side; occasionally fine plane trees or magnificent bosoms of wood unfolded themselves; rivulets crossed our path, and the white cystus grew freely in places. As we approached Marathonisi, the country became a continuous park. Of this a considerable part is national property, and the government derives some revenue from the Vallonea oak, which here clothes the hill sides, and from which a valuable dye * is extracted, and exported in large quantities to Trieste and to other parts. * * * * About a fortnight before my arrival at

* The crimson dye of Marathonisi is no mere modern product. The present town, or rather the neighbouring island, represents the ancient Cranæ, where Helen and Paris spent the first night of their flight from the Spartan Court, and where in still earlier times Phœnician traders settled and manufactured from the mussel fisheries of this coast the famous Tyrian dye. See Sir T. Wyse's *Peloponnesus*, vol. i., p. 54.

Marathonisi, the town had been taken by the mountaineers of the Maina, who had descended like a flood from the Highlands, sweeping all before them. Little harm, however, beyond the plunder of the government chest, was done. Various opinions of the cause of this invasion are afloat; but perhaps the most probable attribute it to the machinations of the Mavromichalis or Black Michaels, with the ultimate object of compelling the government to give more places to their adherents.

"I left Marathonisi with an escort of five Mainote soldiers, attired in the national dress, and armed with the old Mainote gun. The sergeant-major, or leader, of the escort was a Mainote noble, and in alluding to him one of his companions observed, that he also ought to be promoted, as he was of equally good family; to which, one of the others replied, that the days in which stress was laid upon the claims of good blood or noble descent were gone by. We deviated from the direct road to Limeni, and traversed a magnificent ravine. The

track was, however, dreadful; and our mules —for we had been obliged to give up our horses at Marathonisi, and to send them to meet us at Kalamata—alternately climbed and slipped along the strange road. But, having passed the defile, and arrived at Panizza, we found ourselves at issue with our escort. They were determined to halt here for the night, I was equally determined to proceed. The usual storm of words ensued; I said that they might stay or not, as they pleased, but that I should sleep that night at Limeni,—and rode on. They soon followed, and so we continued till we reached a place where the road branched off into several tracks. After some debate, we chose one, and pursued it till at length the soldiers declared that they had mistaken the way. We were now near the village of Karvela, and on consulting the map, I found that we had wandered far from our line, and were returning back upon Panizza. I now felt satisfied that the mishap was intentional, and though exhausted with a long day's march, I said

that I should continue my journey all through the night, rather than sleep elsewhere than at Limeni. This was received with incredulity, because no Mainote will travel after sunset on account of the supposed dangers of the country. We did, however, continue, and the moon lit us on our way through a country more studded with villages than any other part of Greece that I had yet seen. Every village had its tower, though often its walls were shattered and desolate. At length we came in sight of the Bay of Limeni, looking blue even by the moonlight, and fringed with a long line of foam, and we descried the welcome lights that shone from the tower of Picolotaki Mavromichale, a cousin of the Bey of Maina, whose guests we were to be. * * * *

"After supper our host described the dangerous and discreditable position in which the Bavarian troops had on a former occasion been placed through the folly of the government.* The official order had

* See also pp. 139—140.

been given to dismantle and destroy the towers; he remonstrated with the commissioners, but they treated his remonstrances with contempt. They sent troops to enforce the order; he earnestly dissuaded; the Mainotes unanimously refused to obey. The soldiers soon became involved in difficulties, and shut themselves up in a tower, where defence and escape were alike impossible. When their capture was now inevitable, Picolotaki sent his wife with a few men on whom he could depend to bring them out of the tower and to save them from possible death, because a woman always claims and confers protection in the wars of the Maina; but the Bavarian soldiers whom she came to protect blindly fired from the tower and shot one of the men by her side. She saved them, however, in spite of their stupidity; and our host ultimately bought these wretched men naked in the market place for a few pence a-head. Such was the dishonour to which this incapable government exposed the crown. I looked with interest

upon the lady of the house, the heroine of this Bavarian tragedy and of a hundred other feudal fights. Her dress was the ordinary dress of the country; the vest open in front, the kerchief bound round the head; her features were decided, her figure tall and commanding. She seemed like a woman capable of conceiving and executing great resolves, but she bore on her countenance the same marks of submission—at times almost painful—which distinguish Greek women generally. * * * *

"This day [May 23, 1839] sixteen years ago, I was taken prisoner by the Spanish Guerilla.* * * * * *

"Our host proposed that we should call on the mother of Petro Bey—the last Bey of the Maina—a most interesting person, who had with her own hand fought against the Turks, and on more than one occasion had defeated them. The exterior of the old family castle in which she dwelt, consisted of a tower, and a lower range of building extending from it. The walls

* Escaping death at their hands by a hair's-breadth.

were massive, built of uncemented stone in the solid style of ancient masonry, pierced with many loopholes, and with only one window in the lower story, which was square and deep, and divided by an iron bar. Above, there was an oval window, with a kind of projection, which was meant to answer the double object of a screen and a resting-place for the musket. We ascended some steps, and passed on to a terrace, whence we were led through a very low door-way, of a horse-shoe form, into the room in which the "Archondessa"* sat. A single window illumined the long and dark apartment; rafters stretched across it; and the walls were unadorned by the slightest European decoration or picture, such as I have seen in other Greek houses equally rude, in curious contrast with the general simplicity of the buildings. Such ornamentation would have ill suited the stern and proud character of the mother of Petro Bey. On one side of her stood a female relative; on the other, her grand-

* Archondessa is not a title. It merely expresses a lady of rank.

daughter, a little girl of ten years old, the child of the unfortunate Constantine,* murderer and murdered; who, as I entered, came up to me, crossed herself, and kissed my hand.

"I talked with the Archondessa, and told her how long I had desired to see the Maina, and how often I had heard of her exploits in the Turkish wars; but she seemed in no wise affected. That I was on my way to Cape Matapan, which no stranger had visited for many years, did not seem to her a compliment to her country; and even the recollection of her own warlike deeds struck no chord. She only made an inclination of acknowledgment, and seemed to think that she had but done her duty. To do whatever their husbands bade them, was as natural in war as in peace to Greek women of her generation. But when I observed how much her son, the Bey, desired to see her, she exclaimed with energy, that she had been brought by

* Brother of Petro Bey. He assisted his nephew George in killing Capo d'Istria.

her husband as a bride to this tower, that here she had lived, and that out of it she would only be borne as God's bride. And when, on my departure, I said that I should tell the Bey that I had seen her, she exclaimed with vehemence, 'Tell him to come back to his people and to his native towers. If one of his family must be in the council of state, let him leave his son; but let him return home. The very stones cry out upon him.'

* * * * "After toiling up a long hill and across a short plain, we entered Tzimova, in the towers and fortified houses of which we first saw traces of the peculiar system of warfare common to the Maina. Our host, a kinsman of Petro Bey, and one of the Mavromichalis, or Black Michaels, told us many tales of the old feudal wars, some of which were coloured with so romantic a hue as to raise a doubt of their strict accuracy. It was, for instance, said, that a brother of the Bey, who in former times had been sent to Constantinople, was seized by some Turks whilst in a garden,

hurried away, and never heard of again. But popular belief was strong that he still lived in Constantinople as Nourschid Pacha, exercising great authority, and showing peculiar kindness to any Mainote whom chance threw in his way. My host, though head of the council, can hardly write even in large and ill-formed letters; but he is one of the most leading men in this part of Greece, and carries on in some degree the business of a merchant. Such is the state of education amongst Greeks of the present day.

* * * * "The country, as we journeyed towards Kita, was wild, the mountains bold and barren, but amidst the fields of cactus which gladden the eye with their delightful green, endless towers and frequent villages are to be seen. In spite of the perpetual warfare which has devastated the Maina, I have not seen so many villages from Athens to Marathonisi as from Marathonisi to Kita. Indeed, I think I have seen more between Tzimova and Kita than between Tzimova and Athens,

* * * * "We arrived at Kita, the city of towers, of which every one has its story, and in which the feudal warfare of the Maina has been perhaps most strikingly enacted. * * * * Tired with walking, we sat down to rest near a group of peasants. The presence of our guides secured us great attention, and they brought me some water in a handsome cup of blue and silver. This unexpected magnificence surprised me. 'It came from Kalamata,' said a peasant to me, with a significant smile, 'and may do you honour to-day,' the fact being that it was taken in the plunder of Kalamata two or three years ago, when in one of their wild forays the Mainotes descended on the plains and stormed the town. The abstraction of this cup was perhaps an exception to their general mode of plunder; for, rude and uncouth as their native mountains, the Mainotes turned with disdain from what they considered the effeminate luxuries of a civilised town. They preferred to carry off doors and windows, and even the nails

and iron-work of the houses, some of which the owners were glad to ransom from their retreating enemies. The conversation now turned upon the recent bad harvest, and some one asked what they should do if a similar scarcity were to recur. 'Why,' said one of his companions, 'come down again upon Mistra, or, better still, Kalamata. We are loyal subjects, and the king must not quarrel with us for a trifle, because it is only our old trade.' This language is not uncommon, and even the king's soldiers talked freely, and said that in the greatest part of the Maina they had never paid any taxes, and that they ought to pay none.

* * * * "As we approached Cape Matapan, the scenery became magnificent. The sun had set, and the sea was on flame with crimson light, as we followed the track that led us along rocks which were everywhere scattered in the grandest confusion. We traversed what is known as the "haunted pass," and admired a bold promontory from which frowns the wild

and craggy fortress of Castri. In early times it had been erected by the Venetians, but the present remains are mainly of recent origin, and owe their existence to the feudal rivalry of more modern warfare. Passing on, we at length saw before us the two seas rolling finely round the famous Cape, which now near and distinct stretched boldly out into the waters. How well I remembered the outline of these mountains, when from the deck of the steamer I caught my first view of the Greek coast. And now the castle of Gligoraki, Lord of Matapan, placed boldly on an airy height that commanded the waters of the quiet bay below, and supported by other towers, which have been built to control the approaches and to secure the supremacy of the feudal chief, formed a picture on which I gazed long and earnestly. We sent a messenger up to the castle to ascertain whether Gligoraki, to whom I had letters of introduction, was at home and could receive us. The reply was that his wife was there, though he was

absent. As there is much delicacy in Eastern countries in accepting hospitality at a house where the master is absent, we descended the hill and became the guest of a custom-house officer, who lived a life of melancholy seclusion in the only house in Porto Quaglio, the most southern dwelling-place of continental Europe. The bay—once the scene of lawless piracy, and where, but a very few years since, every ship that entered paid a kind of black mail to the feudal chief above—was sleeping in the moonlight, and as I paced the sand, and the waves rippled gently at my feet, I felt that I was treading the most southern shore of Europe.

"Gligoraki's son, a handsome boy of about twelve or thirteen years old, but in language and deportment a man of mature age, arrived early in the morning to express his mother's regret that we had not spent the night at the castle. To conciliate Mainote ideas of hospitality with the strict seclusion from men's society, which during the husband's absence is prescribed

by the national customs, she would, had she known of our arrival, have removed from her room and from that part of the building where we should have been lodged. I was sincerely glad that she had not had the opportunity of thus inconveniencing herself; but 'Will not Gligoraki be furious at our being sent away at night?' said Elias, knowing how strong are the feelings of the Mainotes on the subject of hospitality. I trust, however, poor woman, that she incurred no reproach.

"So little familiar are the people of this wild country with the presence or habits of strangers, that some local muleteers, whose services I obtained near here, were unable to bridle a mule, and only knew how to guide the animal by means of a halter.

* * * "Once more we entered the wild rock scenery of the previous day, and traversed the 'Devil's Pass,' where the muleteers maintained that belated travellers are attacked by demons. I asked what sort of demons. 'Nobody knew,' the muleteer replied, 'because no one

passed after dark. No one for his soul's salvation would venture to go through that haunted pass after sunset, and few would dare to go alone in daylight. Wild and accursed moanings might be heard—the voice of fiends who simulated the sounds of birds or wild beasts.' One of our soldiers who, unlike the majority of our party, had been beyond the limits of the Maina, pretended to be incredulous, at which the muleteer was very angry, saying, 'Did not Demetrius, who was dead, appear, and throw a child into a pail in the court of the great tower and drown him; and did not some one else hear the mill grinding the corn at night though no mortal hand was near to move it?' As I was always ready to hear a legend, I looked grave, as if duly weighing the arguments on either side; upon which the soldier, seeing that I did not scoff at all notion of supernatural agency, as he supposed a Frank must do, dismissed the semblance of incredulity which he affected, and no longer insensible to the marvellous tales which he had pre-

tended to despise, himself told strange and characteristic stories of the manner in which ghosts had come to their friends to urge them to take vengeance in Mainote fashion upon some member of a rival family.

"In such conversation the time was beguiled, till the picturesque towers of Kita and the green fields of cactus, which is said, when in bloom and seen from a distance, to have excited the admiration of Ibrahim Pacha, announced the end of our day's march. * * * Late in the evening I heard the women in the Demark's house grind the corn. As they turn the machine they accompany the motion with a wild and plaintive, and somewhat monotonous song, generally composed by themselves, in memory of some family event. The words now sung were in honour of a brother who was killed fighting bravely at Tripolizza, and its burden was somewhat thus:

"'He went down to Tripolizza
And performed miracles—
My brother, rise from the earth—
Ah! he shall rise no more.'

"Sometimes, of an evening, the town of Kita resounds with the strains of such wild chaunts.

"The spirit of civil war is hardly yet laid in the country. Here in Kita on Sunday the service is not performed in church before daybreak as in many other places, from an apprehension of venturing beyond the house while it is still dark; and but a short distance out of the town we observed a tower, on the battlements of which we saw two individuals, standing as we had seen them stand some days previously when passing by the same spot on our way southwards to Matapan. They were the son and brother of a chief whose betrothed had about a year before been carried off by the owner of a neighbouring tower, and who had revenged the insult by shooting the offender. But this vengeance was purchased dearly. The usual retaliation followed. The chief himself escaped to Zante; but his ill-fated family, in pursuance of the usages of the country, were devoted, and neither son nor brother dared

leave the tower. My informants ended by saying, that the outraged family would still find a mode of satisfying their vengeance.

"There is great severity of feature perceptible in the Mainote men, which harmonises well with their present character, and with the popular traditions of a Spartan descent. One sturdy peasant, to whom I talked, said that 'he was all in favour of the old Spartan laws, and of rich and poor dining together, as people said it had been in the time of Lycurgus. As for the Maina it might be poor and stony, but he would not believe that it was so bad a country after all, or else great folk, as we were, would not visit it. At times there were large flights of quail, which brought them food in abundance, and then they said that God was still merciful to his old Spartans.'

"Daybreak was ushered in by a discharge of firearms—a short time since an ominous sound in Kita—but on inquiry I learnt that it was in honour of a marriage. The man was already married, but having

had no children by his wife, he was permitted, with her consent—and, it is affirmed, under the sanction of a priest—to be united to another woman of the place. It is said here that if he should have a son by this second union, that son would in the Maina be considered to be legitimate, and the first wife could be repudiated. On my asking some further questions, it appeared that his first marriage had indeed given him three daughters; but my informant repeated his statement 'that there were no children'—so completely are girls counted as nothing in this country. One of my muleteers clinched the argument by the additional question of 'how could a man wish to have anything to do with a woman who brought him no sons?'

"The country through which we now passed is cultivated, so far as cultivation is practicable. The soil is often built up in terraces, and the fields are divided by walls of loose stone. The roads, like the country, are detestably stony, but endless towers crown the different heights, and the

villages, emerging from their plantations of fig and cactus, wear, at least from a distance, a lively appearance. In one part of the road alone I counted not less than eleven villages. * * * At Tzimova the American missionary complained to me—an unusual complaint—of the indirect opposition offered by the Government to public education. There had been a school in which, as in many other instances, it was sought to bring back the instruction to a classical standard, but it had failed. A fresh attempt is now about to be made with the less ambitious objects of reading, writing, and arithmetic. The school room was a very good one, and capable of holding nearly 300 children.

* * * * *

"At Limeni the question arose whether we should await an improvement of weather and proceed by sea,—all accounts representing the mule track as impracticable and in parts dangerous. The weather, however, was stormy and the wind adverse, and I decided in favour of the

land journey. * * * We passed Vitylo with its little cypress-girt monastery, and a round tower placed in a striking position, and forming a contrast with the ordinary towers of the country to which I had now for so many days been accustomed. We filed under Pyrgo, whose many towers looked down upon an olive-clad country, and halted at the Demark's house in Skardamula. I threw myself on the divan, and fell instantly asleep, only to awake under the bites of countless assailants. But there was no help, and I subsided again to rest—below and around the fleas, and above me on a hanging mat, a very world of silk-worms.

"We were now in outer Maina: wild flowers on every side, mingled occasionally with the pink bloom of the oleander, some tolerably good fields of barley, increasing tracts of olive trees, and a general improvement in the soil, marked the difference of country. But it is impossible to do justice to the badness of the road in many parts of the journey. The mules, however, went over rocks and stones, and up and down

precipitous places, which it is scarcely conceivable that any four-footed animal could surmount. We deviated from our road to see the castle of Zarnata, once belonging to a feudal chief, and now converted into a military station. Nothing could be more picturesque than its battlemented tower, commanding the height on which it is placed—around it magnificent mountains, below it eminences dotted with olives, cypresses, and villages. * * * As we approached the castle, which had once been the residence of Petro Bey, whose great energy and natural capacity gave him in those times an undisputed authority over the surrounding country, we passed the ruined aqueducts and fountains, which marked the scene of much former splendour, and we heard the frequent remark that it was all far otherwise in the Bey's time. We rode into the court, and, dismounting, were ushered into the room where the brother of Petro Bey and his representative in this part of the country received us. It is difficult to imagine anything more strik-

ing than the appearance of that room. The roof was pointed, the walls were hung with arms, and of the five windows which admitted a flood of light and air, three opened upon the fine mountain scenery, and two commanded the opposite coast of Messenia and the sea, which broke in diamond waves at the very foot of the rock upon which the castle stood.

"But most striking of all was the figure of our host, who rose to welcome us. He was dressed in a figured vest and loose scarlet trowsers; his features were fine, his nose aquiline, his eyes large, his forehead high, and his long beard silver. He looked, as indeed he has been called, a Patriarch. But when later he spoke on the politics of the day, he talked with flashing eyes and with an extraordinary vehemence of gesticulation, repeatedly rising and sitting down again. A stranger might have supposed him labouring under some extreme and most unwonted excitement, but the undisturbed appearance of his people sitting round the room, and the tranquil smile of a

young kinsman who stood near him, satisfied me that much was due to manner. He pointed to the fragments of a beautiful kiosk and fountain, and lamented the times that had gone by for ever. The Government, he said, disputed him even the possesion of his own house, battered as it was by Ibrahim Pacha's guns; and his means were too low to allow him to restore the ruins.

"In this part of the country travellers are very rare, and, of real "milordos," they said there had been none since Sir W. *Gell.* By a "milordo" they mean a man who not only travels for pleasure, but who writes;* and in fact they think little of any one who does not take notes. I have always concealed mine, but here it seems that the practice is essential to distinction. This absence of jealousy is probably due to the fact that travellers in Greece generally have

* The definition of a Milordo varies, like many other things, with different parts of the country. Vice-Consul Black writing officially from Missolonghi in 1863, reports the murder of an English "milord," in other words, a deserter from the 6th regiment of the line. *Correspondence printed for Parliament as to the election of the present King of Greece*, 1863, p. 19.

written more upon antiquities than upon persons or such like compromising subjects.

* * * "We sat down to dinner—nephews, kinsmen, secretary, strangers—all, in fact, connected with our host excepting only his nieces. This is, however, the common practice as regards Greek ladies in the Morea, whom I have rarely seen at table. During dinner the wine was handed to Mavromichale by his cup-bearer and "compare," a "child of the soul" as he is called. The silver cup was always an object of luxury with the Greek Capitani, whether at the table or by the way-side fountain; but it was considered disgraceful to a great magnate on a journey, or indeed on any occasion except that of war, to do anything for himself that another could do for him. The meat was almost put into his mouth, and the more utterly passive that he was the more was his demeanour as a chief in accordance with the general sentiment. * * * *

"From Kitries to Kalamata the road lay through a wild and pretty country, some-

times amidst olive trees of evident antiquity, sometimes between hedges of immense cactus, whose yellow flower was bursting into bloom. It was strange to see so many old olive trees standing, as the greater number were destroyed by Ibrahim Pacha, when in rage he abandoned the country, and with it all hope of its possession.* At Kalamata, which, like most other Greek towns, perished in the revolution, and has since been rebuilt, my comfortable bedroom in the Governor's house opened upon a balcony, whence I could look by moonlight across gardens of orange trees upon sea and mountain. * * * *

"Thence we traversed a country of no very great beauty, though more highly cultivated than is usual. Would that the cultivation, even here, covered a larger surface! There were many villages, but they were, for the most part, placed upon the steeps of the hills—a position probably suggested, now as in earlier days, by con-

* Like those other barbarians, who destroyed Athens more than two thousand years before.—*Herod.* ix. 13.

siderations of safety.* Mount Ithome towered up like some bold landmark, and in the Monastery of Vurkano, which is placed some half way up the ascent, we obtained hospitality for the night. * * * At one end of the long corridor, the monks were sitting cross-legged upon the floor, so dimly seen in the melancholy light of a solitary lamp, with long venerable beards and flowing dress, that I could almost have fancied them some of those sages of the East, such as are read of in early childhood, and of whom the fancy, whether or not strictly in accord with fact, clings to us through our later lives. But this was all that was striking in the monastery, and when I compared what I now saw with those long vanished glories of the Alcobaça,

* The first stage in the life of an ancient Greek city when piracy was not only a common but, as Thucydides says, an honourable calling, was the collection of houses, walled or unwalled, as the case might be, on some lofty and difficult site inland. The next stage, when society had become rather more settled, was a migration of the inhabitants into the plain nearer to the sea, which was, particularly to Greeks, the chief highway of early intercourse ; and the last, as at Athens and Argos, was the connection of the old and new towns by long walls.

which in my younger days I had so much admired, I heaved a sigh over my old Portuguese friends. Those monks were men of courteous and high bred manner, possessing much information, and living in a very different style: these appeared to be of a lower stamp, and little educated. I heard, indeed, that some could not even read. It is not easy to know what are really their means. They describe themselves as poor, and probably are so; but the attacks that have been made upon their property perhaps induce them to affect a somewhat severer poverty than actually belongs to them."

## CHAPTER VI.

### ARCADIA.

"As we left the plain, we found ourselves amongst all the beauties of Arcadian scenery. Plane trees stretched out their spreading arms, rendering at times the path, which happened to be in little use, almost impassable; streams of crystal delighted the eye, and refreshed us with their delicious waters; the wild pear mingled freely with the holly-leaved and the common oak; the pink, the wild violet, the red cystus bloomed on every bank, whilst fern covered the heights, and surrounded the trees which, as in some English park, often grew in large and rounded clumps. The people of this part of the country furnished some excellent soldiers for the late war, but the employment of a regular soldier is here considered to be

degrading as a mark of servitude. A very large proportion of those, who, under the conscription, had been drawn from this mountain, deserted, saying, that 'they would fight for the king when he had an enemy, but not till then.' They had often been pursued by the gensdarmes, but with little success, through the intricacies of their native hills. * * *

"We wound our way through scenery, of which it is difficult to exaggerate the beauty, till we reached the point at which it was necessary to diverge from the main road in the direction of the Temple of Bassæ. Sending on our luggage to Andrizzena, where we proposed to stay, we struck into the hills. But we had miscalculated the time. The sun declined, and threw its last warning light over rock, and tree, and bush, just as we passed a singularly beautiful spot, where a shepherd had pitched his tent. The sheep all round were grazing, the bells tinkling, and no sound disturbed the absolute peace of the whole scene, save the tremendous baying of the watch dogs, who

saluted us as we approached their master's property. It was now clear that we were belated, and that our only course was to stop here, and to spend the night in the shepherd's tent. We halted and sent our guide to arrest the baggage mules on their way to Andrizzena, and to bring them back: but the man, half-foolish, half unwilling, demurred, from the suspicion that he might lose his recompense. 'If you are not paid, may I lose my youth!' cried Elias,—this being one of their most binding adjurations. Whereupon our guide went, and we, in spite of the dogs who stood round us baying, took possession of the tent, and waited the arrival of its owner. In a few minutes he appeared. A young Arcadian shepherd, with very handsome features, and great natural grace of manner, he wore the fustanella and red gaiters, a long shaggy coat of wool, which, however, did not conceal the embroidered edges of a white vest, and a figured cotton handkerchief bound round a tasselled fez. In his belt he carried a knife, in his hand a long shepherd's crook.

Altogether he was a very picturesque being. He told me afterwards that his wife, while sitting in the noonday heat under the shelter of a great Arcadian oak, had worked for him the handkerchief which he wore, tracing the pattern on it in accordance with the light and shadow that fell upon the piece.

"As soon as we had announced our intentions, he received us with the utmost hospitality, saying that it was their practice always to welcome a stranger. He then climbed up into a fine tree and lopped a large stick, which he fashioned into a smooth stake. Having done this, he went into his flock, selected a young lamb and killed it; but a minute or two afterwards, when I hoped that all life was extinct, the poor creature struggled convulsively. Our friend, however, at once approached, and conversed with it tenderly, advising and begging it to die quietly, much in the same way that a father would beg his child to submit to the extraction of a tooth, or some such necessary operation. And now, all preliminaries being accomplished, two large

stones were placed just within the doorway of the tent, a fire was lit, the stake was converted into a skewer, and the lamb being fastened on it, and turned round by two men, was in due course of time roasted whole. The fire, fed by large logs of wood, blazed and flickered almost in the centre of the tent, and we all sat round, soldiers, shepherds, muleteers, and partook in common of the food provided. This is the true spirit of Greek society. They never grudge a superior in birth or position, the highest place at the board, but no one must be excluded. The Greek chief, amongst his retainers, had the best place, and all the honours belonging to it allotted to him; but though acknowledged to be the first, he was still one of them, and the exclusion of no one was ever dreamt of.*

* Sir Thos. Wyse, in his interesting excursion through the Peloponnesus a few years ago, noticed a dance in the open air at Sparta, in which all ages and classes took part; and, struck with the circumstances, he said that "equality is perfect, not only in fact, but in feeling." He added, however, "the uniformity of all classes is the necessary growth of a long maintained despotism." (Vol. I. p. 141.) No one will question the

"After supper, we sat on in the blaze of the fire, and wild stories were told. For a moment, indeed, the good humour of the party was disturbed by our guide, who was a surly fellow, and refused to take any part in the preparations for supper. He was now joked and bantered by one of the muleteers, but unable to bear the turn which the conversation had taken, he rose with ill-concealed temper and departed. As he left us, another muleteer wished him good night; but he only answered, 'Long life to the master,' meaning, by implication, 'no long life to you.'

"And, now that our lamb was devoured, a curious scene took place. On baring the shoulder blade of the flesh, the bone assumes a semi-transparent appearance, though veined with many fibrous marks; and by means of this a curious species of divination is still practised in Greece.* It

truth of this as a general principle; but I venture to think that the social equality of classes is a plant to which, from very early times, the soil of Greece has been congenial.

* For another illustration of this superstition, see p. 39, 41.

is the common belief that one skilled in such lore can read in these natural lines the clear presage of coming events. The young Arcadian was supposed to read them well, and it was curious to see the eager interest of the party, as he studied the shoulder-blade. To me, indeed, he announced that I was on the eve of a long journey—a prophecy of pretty certain accomplishment—and that I had before me something both to please and to render that journey melancholy.* He would apparently have said more but that Elias checked him. But the forecast of their own fortunes seemed full of anxiety to them. The young Arcadian showed to a brother shepherd certain fibrous marks, and he in turn, with a serious and foreboding countenance, examined them and shook his head. At last he announced that a separation from their flocks—to them a heavy calamity—was impending. Whether this was to be the result of a marriage, which might

* In point of fact, the event justified this part of the prediction.

fulfil the prophecy, though without involving sorrow, was for awhile a question, but no — the signs were distinctly ominous, and some enemy or catastrophe was at hand. They consulted together; it appeared that only the week before another shoulder-blade had given a similar warning; a gloom fell upon them; conversation flagged; even the fire began to burn low; and wrapping myself in my capote, so as best to screen myself from the keen night air which blew through the open sides of our tent, I lay down to sleep. * * *

"Before leaving our pastoral encampment of the night past, the loss of a silver spoon was discovered, and produced some confusion. It did not appear to me clear that any one had taken it; but the general opinion was that it had been fraudulently abstracted, and suspicion fell—not, perhaps, without some reason—on our surly guide of last night, who had departed suddenly, and had never appeared in the morning to claim his promised payment, after having evinced great apprehension lest he should

lose it. Two of our soldiers accordingly determined to go in pursuit of the supposed culprit, whilst we rode on to the Temple of Bassæ.

"The forest scenery through which we passed was beautiful, but since Sir W. Gell's time, it has been much shorn of its beauties by the shepherds, who have lopped and sadly mutilated the gigantic oaks that he so greatly admired. The temple is a stately ruin, and well worthy of the glorious site which it occupies. Mountains are on every side, but Ithome conspicuous above all from its height, and the insulated pomp in which its snows arise.*

* Pausanias, whose account is perhaps still the best guide book that the modern traveller in Greece can take with him, says that this building was "inferior to none of the temples in the Peloponnesus, except that of Tegea, either in the beauty of its materials or the harmony of its construction;" and Col. Leake confirms the opinion.

In these journals there are some details as to the architectural condition of the ruins and the number of columns standing, in which there is an occasional variance from the statements of Col. Leake and Sir W. Gell; but I have purposely omitted all matter of this nature, when the absolute precision of detail which is necessary, and which can only be given on the deliberate and carefully revised authority of the writer himself, is,

* * * * "At Andrizzena we rested awhile to allow our horses to be shod. They had been shod at Calamata, but so badly that nearly all the shoes had fallen off, and one of the horses was almost permanently disabled. Trade of every kind is extremely rude out of Athens, and even amongst the best of the Greeks there is a strange improvidence on many of these matters. Elias, who is a shrewd fellow, and good on a journey, instead of attributing the inconvenience to his own omission to carry a few nails with him, could only trace the disaster to our departure on a Tuesday, and to the magpie of that fatal

as here, impossible. It is curious to observe how rarely travellers—of the most unimpeachable truthfulness—agree as to the number of columns or trees or similar objects, when it is a question of mere counting. No two travellers of authority out of the many who have written on Syria, have, so far as I am aware, been able to agree upon the actual number of the old cedars still left standing in the Lebanon above Baalbec.

In these MSS. the notes on this subject are concluded by the following statement, which perhaps offers a partial explanation:—"Unable to reconcile Gell's number of the columns with my own observation, I made some minute enquiries and pretty nearly ascertained that about three years ago some shepherds removed some columns in the hope of finding treasure."

day; and so he continued his journey inveighing against expeditions undertaken on a Tuesday, and cursing, not the magpie itself, but the father and mother and even the grandfather and grandmother of the ill-omened bird that had flown across his path.

"As we sat under a tree at Andrizzena, making our usual mid-day dinner of cold lamb, Elias and the shepherd, who had accompanied us so far, began a wrangling argument as to the lost spoon; Elias protesting that the shepherd was responsible for the loss. 'I was,' he said, 'a great man, and on my return to Athens the king would be informed of the theft, and would order inquiry and punishment; but anyhow,' he added, 'the loss of the spoon under the shepherd's roof would reflect eternal dishonour upon his father and mother and all his ancestors.' The shepherd, who had fired up, and spoken fiercely when anything like a threat was implied, now became very sad, and said that, 'He knew that it would dishonour

his father and mother, and entail great discredit upon all his ancestors, but what could he do? Elias knew,' he said, 'that it was their custom to welcome any stranger, and to supply all his needs. How could it then be supposed that he should violate the sacred duties of hospitality under his own tent?'

"Whilst we thus sat and talked, our two soldiers appeared, bringing along with them the suspected plunderer of the spoon. They had, it seems, made use of pretty decided methods of eliciting the truth; for, according to the old custom of the country, they had tied his hands behind him, and in this position had made him swear by all the holy saints, by the repose of his father and mother in Paradise, and by the hoped-for salvation of his own soul, that he was wholly unconcerned with the theft. He came forward, in appearance, at least, utterly unmoved by the recent ordeal through which he had passed, and having protested by his life that he knew nothing of the affair, he sat down, and, without

further ceremony, began to devour some of my provisions.

"A curious reconciliation having taken place between Elias and the shepherds, and the children of the town having presented me with a profusion of roses, which is a common compliment here, we took our departure through a beautiful country, watered by rivulets as clear as crystal. Sheep and goats bounded amongst the crags, shepherds stood leaning on their crooks in true Arcadian fashion; and in one place we noticed some kids—an exquisite study for a painter—that had taken shelter from the heat of the sun in the hollow of a great oak.

* * * * "As we approached Karytena, which in consequence of our sinuous track, we had kept in view for almost two hours before we reached it, I thought that I had rarely witnessed a finer effect than that produced by its ruined castle, which but a short time since was the robber-hold of the famous Colocotroni. Built close round the edges of a very bold precipice,

with subsidiary fortifications descending on lower and equally bold ridges of the hill, it appeared in heavy and successive masses of masonry to frown over a vassal country, and to be, what in fact it was for a long time, the arbiter of its fortunes. We filed over an old Turkish bridge, which crossed a fine river that foamed below, and climbing the hill we entered Karytena, which, in honour of the king's birthday, was a scene of unusual gaiety. We were met by the Demark, who had received instructions from the Governor to make provision for us, but, who, whether from political or personal motives, made it difficult to me to accept his hospitality. He is the first person who in all Greece, where the freest hospitality from highest to lowest is the rule, has seemed to receive us unwillingly. He has however been, as I learn, a strong adherent of Colocotroni, whose political feelings are notoriously Russian and anti-English, and as he was probably one of many in this district who profited largely by Colocotroni's patronage during the day of his

power, he, perhaps, thought it right to adopt the prejudices of his former patron. But this conduct is very unusual in Greeks. I have seen much of men who are the most opposed to English influence, and, with this single exception, I never experienced a moment's incivility. On the contrary, the impression that they generally wish to produce is that they are personally favourable to Englishmen, and to what they suppose to be English policy.

* * * * "We rode on to Tripolizza. The plain of Karytena, through which we passed, is fertile, of large extent, and capable, if cultivated, of supporting a considerable population. We saw some villages of recent construction in the plain, an unusual sight in Greece, where, for reasons of defence, they have been mostly built on the tops or the slopes of the hills. * * * *

"We were still far from Tripolizza. The day, which had opened with great heat, was closing in with rain and a bitterly cold wind, and we enquired for some country

khan where we might find a night's refuge. Execrable as these khans generally are, a rude fireplace is to be found in most of them. It is true that there is frequently no chimney, and that the smoke must find its way as it best can through the natural chinks and apertures of the room, yet there is this compensation, that the smoke is fatal to that nameless but most disagreeable insect life by which we have been, with rare exceptions, devoured for some time past. None but those who have so suffered can fully appreciate the luxury of the exemption, at whatever price it may be purchased—but how our feelings change with the place, and what should we say in England to wishing for a smoky room? We tried a few villages at random, but we found no khan—only sickness, misery, and dirt. * * *

"We rode on through a dull country to that dull place Tripolizza, where we were hospitably entertained by the Deputy-Governor.

"On leaving I found Elias in high spirits

at a piece of waggery which he had just practised on the good people of the town. Having found myself in darkness the night before at the khan of Stemnizza, I had desired Elias to procure me some candles at Tripolizza. He accordingly went into the town and asked for some wax candles. But such a luxury in the case of a private individual was unknown and portentous in Tripolizza, and it was concluded that they were required for Church purposes, against which Elias' general aspect seemed strangely to militate. When closely pressed by his questioners, he at last admitted that they were for an English gentleman. 'What luxury!' they exclaimed. 'Ay; but he indulges in greater luxury than wax candles,' said Elias, whose imagination was now kindling; 'he has come over these mountains in a wonderful Frank car, so made that it can pass over everything. He is this evening going back in it to Athens, where he will arrive in a few hours, and there is room for several to go with him if arrangements are made in

time.' The wondering listener asked if he, too, could go. 'Yes, certainly,' was the answer; 'both he and several of his friends, if they would assemble in the public square at five o'clock that afternoon;' with which assurance he hurried away to make his arrangements, and to convene his friends at the appointed place and hour. * * *

* * * "At Epidaurus we engaged a small half-decked sailing boat to complete our journey and to carry us back to Athens. We procured some fish, but could obtain no bread; but there was, we were told, no necessity for provisions, as we must reach the Piræus in four or, at most, six hours. We passed the ruins of the old town, and, under the favouring influence of a gentle breeze, we sailed out of the bay, which is pretty and fringed with vines. Towards evening the wind fell and was succeeded by a dead calm; but we landed at Kyra, sometimes called the Lady's Isle, and having collected some scanty brushwood, we lit a fire in a crevice

of the rock, which was so steep and craggy that we could barely find a resting-place, and there we consumed our provisions. The calm was complete, the sun went down in unclouded splendour, and a fine starlight night succeeded.

"All through the night the calm continued. The sails hung useless, and the men toiled at the oars; but our boat, built in a kind of crescent form and adapted only for sailing before a prosperous breeze, made but little progress. Towards morning we found ourselves off Angestri; the sun rose in a flood of light, and the sea looked like molten gold. In the distance we could see the Acro-Corinthus towering up, and beyond it the long line of the Attic coast; but we sighed in vain for any breeze. We now determined to make for one of the Laontra, a small and desert island; we landed in a little creek—the only one where we could find some shade from the burning heat of the sun—and we divided the last scanty remnants of our provisions. And now, to our great joy,

we descried symptoms of a rising breeze, and we indulged the hope of reaching the Piræus in a few hours' prosperous sail. But scarcely had we got under way when the wind veered round and blew directly in our teeth, till at last a considerable swell arose, and our crew voted that it would be unsafe and indeed impracticable to weather the projecting headland of the island of Salamis.

"As the breeze first freshened I desired Elias to shift the position of a travelling mattrass on which I was lying; but he objected strongly, saying, that to do so would cause the wind to fall; but when the breeze blew into a gale and I ventured some question as to the probable length of the voyage, I was told that such an inquiry was of a sinister kind. Once more, therefore, wind and omens conspiring against us, we were driven to land, and in a little bay of this most famous island—with how many historical recollections crowding upon me—we disembarked, and lit a fire to warm our bodies, if not to satisfy the

hunger which now seriously assailed us. In the morning during the calm we had seen a turtle floating on the water, which our men had declared to be a symptom of impending evil; but we had neglected to secure it and to convert it to our needs; and now Elias and the crew were reduced to the necessity of prowling about the rocks and feeding on the shell-fish that they could find.

"After sunset the violence of the gale somewhat abated and we again put out, but only to spend the night in contending with adverse winds. When morning came the mountains certainly looked larger and the Piræus nearer; but our progress had been very small. A gull hovered near us, and in our extremity a question arose as to shooting and eating it; but the Greeks call the bird a holy sea-dove, from some association with the sacred emblem of the Holy Ghost, and the idea of killing it was negatived as soon as it was started. But ultimately we were rewarded. By degrees we made sensible approaches to the Piræus,

and when at length we were a short distance from it, a favourable and steady breeze for which, had it greeted us earlier, we should have blessed our destinies, blew us, exhausted and famished, into the Piræus."

THE END.

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